THE COMMONWEAL

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OUR SECOND YEAR

AMONG Catholic intellectuals—priests, writers, teachers, journalists, artists, and students—in short, those who create or affect public opinion because they are listened to and because their thought passes from mind to mind, this journal has carried on a special work. In addition to furnishing a medium for the expression of some of their activities, we feel that we have brought to their attention the concurrent activities of similar classes in other lands. These echoes will let them know, whenever any chill wind of injustice or scepticism blows upon themselves, what an admirable and helpful variety of good results are being effected by such groups as theirs. We feel also that we have initiated the general reading public into a sphere hitherto unknown to it. In that sense, our journal has existed for the benefit of our critics and adversaries.

It must be admitted that in Catholic journalism few organs have addressed themselves to any audience save that of the faithful. Our weekly résumé of Catholic activities has served as a sort of barometer for the faithful, the indifferent and the hostile alike. These last have rarely even given a thought to what Catholics are or what they do. Nevertheless, among our adversaries and among those who care nothing about religion, there are many persons of good will. There is evidence to show that the effect of our publication among such readers has been to produce respect for the opinions and the works of the Catholic intellectual classes, and to lead to the beginning of some study of and thinking about Catholic movements. The devotion to the principles of Catholicism shown by the work being carried on throughout the world, in such a variety of ways, and productive of such a wealth of intellectual treasure, has begun to strike them as difficult to reconcile with the false news so often spread abroad of the death of Catholicism. That the Catholic religion and the Christian ideal which is the illumination of the highest intellects, the comfort of the humblest, and the way of salvation for all, may emerge a little more each week in its fruitful truth, and that in the household of the Faith men may know one another better, and respect one another without distinction of shades of opinion, and that our adversaries, and those larger numbers who do not oppose us but who do not know what we are, may come to feel the reality of the promises made to the Church—such has been our aim, which our readers have enabled us to strive to accomplish, and which we ask them to continue to help us in accomplishing.

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What has been said above is a paraphrase, indeed almost a direct quotation, from a leading article in La Vie Catholique, that admirably edited and highly effective journal of Catholicism in France, which, by a happy coincidence, is, like The Commonweal, just entering upon its second year of existence. We have used the words of La Vie Catholique not only because it is a pleasure no less than a fraternal duty to congratulate and take proper notice of the splendid work accomplished by our French contemporary, but also because we feel that the similarity of its work with the work that The Commonweal is trying to do is a striking proof of the fact which is the foundation, in a practical way, of all our efforts. This fact, which we announced in our first number, and have reiterated ever since, is that the Catholic faith today is exhibiting that marvelous phenomenon which has marked its course for 2,000 years, namely—the phenomenon of a world-wide revival of strength at a time when its enemies were predicting, with what seemed to them to be the supporting evidence of hard facts, its speedy or at least its certain dissolution. The false news to which La Vie Catholique refers, that Christianity is dead, has often swept through the world, sometimes with much apparent justification, but has always been disproved by a fresh resurgence of the immortal vitality of the Faith. In Mr. G. K. Chesterton's last book, The Everlasting Man, there is a striking chapter which he calls The Five Deaths of the Faith, dealing with five among the great historical occasions when it seemed that the fire which the Founder of the Church had come to cast upon the earth had flickered out, only to rekindle the beacons of hope and faith and love among mankind.

Although by strict calendar reckoning, we are still two months distant from the beginning of a new year, the present occasion is not so far away that it is amiss to take a prospective glance at some of the things for which the year 1926 will be memorable—for Catholics, for members of other communions and for members of none. There is a school of thought which affects to regard anniversaries and centenaries as arbitrary affairs. To those who think like ourselves their significance lies in the fact that, like the equally arbitrary division of time into hours and minutes and days and nights, there is hardly one that does not call the attention of the world to some duty that may be no longer deferred, or to some opportunity still to be retrieved. They are a sort of voice by which the secular conscience reminds mankind in the mass, as men and women are reminded by the transience of the hours, that time, which is passing for them, has passed for their fathers and that the civilization in which and on which they live did not come to them by any chance, but through a multiplicity of tasks faithfully accomplished by men and women long dead.

In national and general importance, of course, nothing in 1926 will outweigh the celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia. Besides the enthusiasm and reverence which they will share with their fellow-citizens of every creed, Catholics have their own special reasons for self-congratulation. Providence willed that sixty years before the disabilities under which their brethren suffered in the parent country were removed, the infant republic should be founded on a broad basis of tolerance, which has never been seriously shaken. How much of the progress of their church in the United States has been due to that abiding principle and its incorporation in the Constitution of their country, they are well aware, and will not forget, when the time of rejoicing arrives, to reaffirm their confidence in it and their determination that it shall endure. The further fact that the English Catholic colonists of Maryland were the first to establish and practise the fundamental American principle of religious freedom is something that gives Catholics a particular reason to rejoice in the Philadelphia celebration.

In the coincidence (was it, after all, a coincidence?) which brings it about that the same year shall see the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of San Francisco, and the seven hundredth anniversary of the great saint, Francis of Assisi, from whom it takes its name, there is fresh opportunity for Catholics to contemplate and hold before men's eyes the all-important fact that America owes its founding to men of many races and of many faiths, and that the part played by their own church, in the West no less than in the East, can never be obscured or minimized as long as history remains the record of time.

In Chicago there will be held another event, the International Eucharistic Congress (the first to be held in the United States) which at first thought would seem to be of interest and value only to Catholics. But it will bring to the minds of all something of such paramount importance to humanity that in comparison all other things become secondary and relative. The abiding presence among men of Jesus Christ in the Sacrament of the Altar, faith in which is the dynamic force of all the multiform activities of Catholicism, is a fact that means more than the historical events recalled at Philadelphia and San Francisco, great as they were. All material things and events stem ultimately from moral or spiritual causes. The best men among the early discoverers, explorers, and colonists of America were inspired and animated by great ideals and purposes. At the time when the nation will be celebrating its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary, the Eucharistic Congress will serve as a reminder of the dependence of all worthy efforts upon faith in God.

That The Commonweal will continue its work, during its second year, under the inspiration of such mighty and hopeful happenings, seems to us an augury that in its own sphere it may be a part of the recreative spirit of Christianity now so active in the world.

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WEEK BY WEEK

THE problems that the great war has bequeathed us are a matter of such daily preoccupation that it is difficult to comment adequately upon them each time a recurrent anniversary of Armistice Day solicits our attention afresh to the magnitude and poignancy of the tragedy that came to an end upon November 11, 1918. As long as those are alive who witnessed the delirium of public rejoicing that hailed the lifting of the four years' nightmare, there will never be much delusion as to the worthwhileness of war. For that reason alone, all lovers of peace must hope and pray that the efforts which the world is making to render a recurrence of the disaster impossible will reach a successful consummation while its memory is acute, and before a generation arises to whom the tragic outlines are blurred by time. Luckily Armistice Day, 1925, is being celebrated amid circumstances that seem to render the prospect a hopeful one.

THE action of the League in the recent clash between Greece and Bulgaria proves that it is possible to localize and appease national jealousies before any irretrievable step is taken, and even that a step which twelve years ago would have been thought irreparable can now be retraced in time. It is true the powers concerned are small and weak and that the true test of the League's efficacy will not come until more powerful nations and deeper antagonisms are involved. But at least the idea of peace by agreement is being familiarized. To realize how great an advance that is, one has only to cast an eye back upon the efforts to save Europe that were made seven years ago but were futile for sheer lack of some machinery that could have made them operative, and upon the seemingly hopeless prospect its peoples faced four years later, when the wild rejoicing over the first Armistice Day had ebbed away, to leave them sobered and dismayed at the havoc, material and moral, that war had wrought in their lives.

IT is a good thing to set apart one week of every year for the consideration of educational needs and accomplishments. There is reason to believe that between November 16 and 22, much can be done towards enlivening the nation's sense of responsibility for the training of worthy future citizens. For Catholic schools the present Education Week is, of course, a fitting prelude to the celebration of Thanksgiving. The past year has seen the passing of a great danger through the decision of the Supreme Court on the Oregon School law. Religious teachers and the public which supports them may now rest assured that the constitutional traditions of our country will be their defense against the possible aggression of bigots; and they may well join in a deeper study and appreciation of the national spirit and legal heritage. Therefore the department of education of the National Catholic Welfare Conference has wisely sent a letter and a suggested program to the 20,000 schools affiliated with it, calling attention both to the elements of civic education and the especial purposes of religious schools. If the plan is followed out widely—and we think it will be—a twofold benefit must result. In the first place, Catholics themselves will be aroused to a better understanding of educational problems that await settlement; in the second place, their neighbors of other faiths may gain a more correct appraisal of the genuine service rendered to the republic by schools which, without receiving a cent from the common taxes, teach the fruitful development of the mind and the abiding discipline of the will.

WE are obliged to concede, however, that enlightenment is carefully excluded from certain circles which view religious education with the benignity and impartiality of a band of roving Tartars about to pounce upon a caravan. The Associated Press reports that at the convention of the Supreme Council of Scottish Rite Masons, southern jurisdiction, a resolution was adopted to support the pending bill to create a federal department of education. This resolution, drawn up with the aid of certain of those provincial judges whom life and environment seem to harden into a stony, Lot's-wife-like illiberality, carefully drew attention to a matter of principle. "We cannot at this time but insist," declared the Masons' committee, "upon the existence of the principle that the right of the child to avail himself of the educational opportunities of the public school system is superior to the right of the parent or of any corporation, secular or religious, to

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shape in advance his intellectual allegiance, and we should be alert to unite with every movement which tends to the maintenance of such right." The meaning of this ample sentence is clear. It means that those who are opposed to the religious education of children have a greater right than the parents or church immediately responsible for those children, to dictate what school shall be attended.

POLITICS, as the old soldier remarked, is a game you can play with mud. Perhaps the decrease of interest in the sport is due to the super-refinement of the present generation; and such organizations as the Klan—not to mention individuals like the grave-digger—are sent to remind us of our humble origins. At any rate, there are a few spots in the United States where you can sell stock in the invisible empire for cash and no argument. The largest of these spots is naturally the one which gets most attention—that expanse of acres which begins around Indianapolis and stretches northward to Grand Rapids. It was first explored and settled by French missionaries and their companions, which is to the point, because it proves that historical science is not a "native" accomplishment. To and fro roam the kleagles and knights, with a specialty for entering political campaigns wherever there is a chance to remind folks that their grandparents used to be deacons and elders. The darling of Hoosierdom—Ed Jackson—is for the moment engaged in preparing for a battle Senatewards; and if things do not change in the little time remaining, he may actually see Washington with all expenses paid.

WE spoke just now of mud. One handful that, by reason of its very consistency, is not likely to stick anywhere or upon anything except the hand that threw it, is the circular distributed in Richmond, Virginia, on the eve of the election for state treasurer, and purporting to be issued by the Knights of Columbus. Its origin is shrouded in a disreputable obscurity that those who like may strive to pierce. The prompt disavowal that it has met with from James A. Flaherty, chief executive of the Knights of Columbus, was hardly necessary for those who may have the slightest acquaintance with the style or tenor of any document this body has issued. "Be ye not a laggard, as the many thousands in the ranks of the heretics. Spur yourself viciously and ride as on a mighty war-horse to war and victory, planting the entrusted [sic] guards in the key positions for the defense of the Holy Church of Rome." To pick out the literary beauties and disentangle the mixed metaphors in this farrago of spite, where the will to harm has defeated its very object, would be a thankless task. We fancy whoever has to pay the printer's bill must feel like giving himself a particularly vicious kick, with a fully-rowelled spur, when he listens to the laughter that greets his copy.

THE verdict in the trial of Colonel Mitchell is still in abeyance. There is no doubt that people everywhere are deeply interested in the outcome; and whether or not he is permitted to remain in the army, the Colonel must continue to have a great deal of influence upon the development of aviation. Few court-martials have been more spectacular. Since it has been revealed that President Coolidge ordered the trial, and since the defense rests its case primarily upon the Annapolis address which declared that "the officers of the navy are given the fullest latitude in expressing their views before their fellow-citizens," we are justified in supposing that the Chief Executive's power as commander-in-chief of the military forces is directly involved. What is the attitude of the President toward the arm of the service which Colonel Mitchell thought endangered by inefficient management? To what extent is he likely to be swayed by indubitable public feeling that all is not well in the nation's aerodromes? If these questions are not satisfactorily answered during the proceedings, it is going to be extremely difficult to get away with a verdict hostile to Colonel Mitchell. Americans are concerned with the case, not because they care much about a fine distinction in military law, but because events have led them to worry about the country's defense. Justice must have its way, superiors wrongfully criticized should get an opportunity to clear themselves; but primarily there should be an open and above-board declaration of what is going on in aeronautics. Nothing else will satisfy the public; and in the long run the public must rule. Mr. Coolidge is not likely to side-step this platitude.

THOUGH the President's address upon the occasion of the dedication, in Washington, of a statue to the memory of Argentina's hero, General José de San Martin, did not go far beyond the courtesies usual to such occasions, he emphasized one matter which is becoming increasingly important. It is true, as Mr. Coolidge said, that the South American republics have suffered less from the ravages of war than have the peoples who founded them; but the reason must be sought rather in geographic and economic circumstances than in the lack of military ardor. Our neighbor continent has had its share of petty turmoil, but it is essentially a land of the future. The international relations of the peoples established there—and incidentally their relations with us—will become complex and difficult only when expansion of various kinds breeds problems. Indeed, some of the changes attendant upon growth are noticeable already: the establishment of trade concessions and tariffs; the settlement of disputed boundaries; the regulation of financial exchange. Will all these things as they develop take care of themselves? Or will a wise foresight make provision for machinery of arbitration which can be improved in accordance with necessity?

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WE think the answer to these questions lies primarily in the hands of the United States. No step towards the deepening of international amity would be so easy to take, and none is so directly in accord with our best interests, as the amalgamation of all American peoples, in both continents, into an association modeled upon the European League. South American delegates are courteously received in Geneva, but their interest in continental affairs is necessarily limited and their influence of slight weight. But if we courageously invited them to join with us in guaranteeing the American status quo, on a frank basis of equality, we should all gain leverage for action in world affairs far beyond the potentiality of any existing arrangement. Besides, we should gradually approach the end of a situation which has always been annoying and which may become dangerous—a situation which assumes that our will can be law in countries which we value far below their worth, whose resources we attempt to capitalize upon, and whose traditions our representatives far too frequently hold in scorn.

DUE notice that he is going to let fly with both barrels, choke and rifle, at the sacramental wine industry has just been served by Brigadier General Andrews, and if there is any lack of alacrity in climbing down, it will not be the fault of such leaders of religious thought as Rabbi Alexander Lyons of Brooklyn. It would be difficult, one imagines, to conceive of a more wholesale surrender to the supreme state than that which this Jewish pastor recommends in an interview accorded by him to a correspondent of the New York Times while the echoes of General Andrews's warning blast were still ringing in the empyrean. "The Church," Rabbi Lyons is on record as saying, "should dispense with wine for sacramental purposes and substitute grape-juice or some other beverage that cannot be turned into a violation of the prohibition law . . . Any religious ceremony is only a means to an end and can, by proper authority, be abolished or supplemented." Dana (or was it Webster?) tells of a candidate for office who, after a two hours' exposition of his political faith, concluded by observing—"These are my principles, gentlemen, but if you don't like them, I can change them." One pictures a long series of docile ministers and rabbis on ceremonial Saturdays or Sundays, inviting the myrmidons of proper authority to a full and frank inspection of the cup, with the disarming comment that—"This is our ancient rite, Mister, but if you don't like it, we can change it."

IT is pleasant to find that Aunt Sally and King-Pin of criticism, the American jury, coming in for a little praise at last. Its sentimentality and its accessibility to the mere human appeal, its refusal to be overawed by the bench, whose knowledge of the law is so much superior to its own, to say nothing of the delay in making a panel caused by the reluctance of citizens to serve on it at all, have been a favorite target for so many speakers and editorial writers, that one sometimes wonders whether the institution is not in danger of following other outworn conceptions of popular rights and liberties into the limbo of the past. There is hardly a jurist who returns from a vacation in England without bringing back with him an unfavorable comparison to the home product gleaned from Gothic halls of law in England, where twelve grim and unsusceptible citizens, chosen with a "property qualification," sit in awed docility under a bewigged and befurred judge. And now here is Judge Philip J. McCook, of the New York Supreme Court, telling the city Bar Association that the American jury with all its faults, and perhaps because of them, is the palladium of liberty, the one check upon unpopular legislation without which "turbulence and even revolt would have been commoner in our country."

OF course there is nothing particularly new or particularly American in the view expressed by Judge McCook that, besides its function of finding verdicts on evidence, there is "a law-making side to the jury." Perhaps it would be more exact to call it a "law-controlling side." Nothing registers popular discontent with a law, or so redresses the tendency of law-makers to over-legislate or judges to administer their code inhumanly, as repeated over-riding by juries of its letter in favor of what they consider its spirit. Even in law-abiding, traditional England, the barbarity of the law which inflicted the capital penalty for petty theft was speeded into oblivion, not so much through legislation in Parliament, as by a long series of verdicts of "not guilty," rendered in the face of legal browbeating. In Scotland the verdict "not proven" which the Roman law, prevailing there, permits as a middle course between the verdicts of "guilty" or "not guilty," has more than once given voice to a feeling that the prisoner in the dock was more sinned against than sinning. The occasional indulgence and delays of the American jury may be as harmful as they are claimed to be. But they are the price we pay for the democratic conception of government, and to contemplate changing them for a more judge-ridden system, where misdirection has often worked justice quite as doubtful, seems questionable wisdom.

WE are so used to conceding evolution as a one-way line of human progress that it comes as something of a shock to find there are other conceptions of the progress it may, and indeed should, at need, take. One of them lurks behind the bulging brow of Italy's dictator, who, in an oration delivered at Milan on the third anniversary of the "march on Rome" told his black-shirted myrmidons that each must be content henceforth to consider himself "a molecule, feeling and pulsating with the entire organism." Upon the rebuff to human dignity such a phrase embodies, it is needless

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to insist. All the news that reaches us from Italy these days shows that dignity there is a short crop, or, to be more precise, a crop that has been pretty tightly cornered by its "podesta" and is now peddled out as his will-to-power directs. But it is interesting to find a confusion which M. Jacques Maritain, in his Trois Reformateurs has identified as the initial mistake of the Protestant Reformation, namely—the confusion between the "individual" and the "person," voiced in the land of the Pontiffs.

THAT the individual must at times sink his likes and dislikes to take lot and shot with his fellow-citizens (or, to use Signor Mussolini's hectic phrase, "pulsate" with them in some common effort) is old Catholic teaching. But the demand that the person must "feel" with them, too—in other words, submerge the personality right to judge and weigh in his soul, that is his as a son of God, into a mass-spirit and a mass-conscience, is a direct challenge to it. One of the ineluctable hall-marks of tyranny is a dislike of complexity. Between Nero, who wished Rome had one head that he might cut it off, and Mussolini, who edicts that the Italian "molecule" shall have a single life-cell that it may work out his social theories, the difference lies less in the fashion of the thought than in the fashion of expressing it that 1,800 years have brought in their train. And this is said, it may be remarked in passing, with a full realization of the perils from which Fascisma saved Italy, and of the many men of light and leading now involved in its administration. Political salvation for Italy, and for Fascism too, would seem to lie in its prospect of outgrowing the ideals of its founder. These, at present, like the famous insects bred in Dr. Caligari's cabinet, seem to be quite grandiose in scale and quite mean in conception.

THERE are Americans and American interests in Syria. That is why, leaving the larger humanitarian standards out of consideration for the moment, recent carnage in Damascus and its vicinity is of immediate concern to us. That is also why we hope the present French government will do at least one good deed and recall General Sarrail without further delay. He should have been ordered into a corner long ago. For months English and American people with a knowledge of conditions in the Near East have been alarmed at the turn of affairs since the Herriot ministry placed the Syrian mandate in the hands of a man whose record has been a consistent display of tactlessness, brutal sergeantry, and avowed hostility to religion in every form. Perhaps never before has a French colonial governor been either so indifferent to the people under his care, or so careless of the rules of the game. To cap the climax comes the news, as reported to Le Croix of Paris by the president of the League of Religious Veterans, that Sarrail impressed a number of missionary priests and brothers into service against the Druses. Some of these men were killed in the attempt to relieve the garrison of Sueida; others were maimed and injured. The effect upon French prestige in the Orient, not to mention at all the effect upon Catholic missionary enterprise, may be left to the imagination.

MEN who preach the peace of Christ are drafted by a hopeless military blunderer whose sole claim to distinction is his opposition to the Church! One blushes at the memory of Barrés's high-spirited appeal for the gift of French culture to a Syria that should be taught to "rule herself wisely;" and indignation banishes the remembrance of what the great men of Gaul—from Godfrey to Louis the Saint—took for their mission in the Near East. Technically the General acted under the French rule of military service, which permits the summoning of religious to the colors, but perhaps only the most addled of the anti-clerical sponsors of that law would have wished to see it applied under circumstances such as those prevailing in Syria. It is said, no doubt for our edification, that the magnificently rhetorical M. Boncour will be the next governor of Syria. Anybody at all will be an improvement. But the hour has come to safeguard the honor of Catholic missionary enterprise by obtaining, through the mediation of the League of Nations or otherwise, an international rule against the military exploitation of the Christian ministry by political aggrandizers and military despots.

THE success of the League of Nations in bringing to a halt the warfare between Greece and Bulgaria is rightly considered an achievement in the interests of international arbitration. Both powers have agreed to withdraw troops from what has been the scene of action and to await the report of a League commission which is "to carry out a full inquiry into recent incidents." We are given to understand that things were in readiness to establish a blockade against Greece, had she taken a recalcitrant stand. This would seem to indicate that the League is not inclined to view the compulsory clauses in the covenant as inconsequential, and that an effort will be made to bring these clauses to the fore whenever possible. French critics have been particularly insistent upon the futility of international arbitration without authority to carry out mandates; perhaps their view is winning respect.

OBVIOUSLY the United States may rightly watch the progress of affairs as they affect Geneva with deep interest and good will. To avert even a small war is, in these first days of supra-national conciliation, a real achievement. It does not, however, justify exuberant enthusiasm about the work of the League. Even in so far as Bulgaria and Greece are concerned, the real test is yet to come: a settlement of those differences

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which embroil the southeastern portion of Europe, and an impartial evaluation of territorial claims. This will depend for success largely upon the report which is due in December, and the nature and influence of which no one can predict. Meanwhile, it remains as true as ever that the larger European powers control the League but refuse in any important detail to submit their problems to its jurisdiction.

THE report of the discoveries made in the Gobi Desert in Mongolia by Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews, leader of the expedition sent out by the Natural History Museum of New York, contains some very interesting pieces of information. First of all, two skulls of the newer stone age have been found and a number of implements said to correspond to those belonging to the Azilian era in Europe—that is, to the time of transition between the older and newer stone ages. There are a few pictographs of the elk and the moose, but what is most interesting perhaps is that pieces of the eggshells of the giant ostrich and of the dinosaur have been discovered perforated so as to be strung on a string of some kind, most probably for purposes of personal ornament. The dinosaur was a huge lizard and belongs to the middle-ages of geological time, long years before the wildest imagination has pictured the existence of man upon the earth, yet this expedition has discovered what are believed to be the nests of dinosaurs with the contained eggs in a fossil condition. The eggs were arranged in a circle in the sand with the narrow ends out, and left to hatch out as is the habit of crocodiles today. These fossil eggs have of course been found formerly, but the coincidence of the recent discovery with the fragments utilized by man is certainly interesting.

CAN we arrive at any general conclusions as to organizations of men like those which seem to have been made out concerning animal organizations? This is a question which Mr. Arthur MacDonald, of Washington, D. C., has set himself to study, since he thinks that the answer should be in the affirmative. For his first study he has taken that important body, the Senate of the United States, and has made a statistical examination of its doings extending over three sessions in all. Whether that period is long enough to afford sufficient data may perhaps be doubted, but at any rate the results which he has obtained are not without interest. Professional men, he finds, are in a majority and a large proportion of those were reared in the country; moreover, this group has a very much higher average in frequency of speech than the business group. He also finds that the Democrats excel the Republicans in university education and finally—perhaps hardly a discovery—that more than half of the legislation which originates in the Senate receives little or no attention.

RELIGION AND THE STATE

MR. HERBERT HOOVER has followed the example of President Coolidge, declaring that the future is threatened with disaster "if religion cannot and does not keep step with the new materialism that is sweeping the world." Speaking before the Y. M. C. A. convention in Washington, he said—

"The flooding in of modern knowledge has cost religion heavily where it has not kept pace in intellectual respect and confidence. Out of our materialism has grown a series of philosophies which insist that materialism alone is the sole basis of human action and inspiration. In Russia and elsewhere the Communist revolt insists on sweeping away all existing human institutions, including religion . . . Godless generations are to be reared on a national scale."

Mr. Hoover explained that evidences of the trend of the times "lie in the weakening of moral fibre, in loosening family and home ties, in youthful criminality . . . in disposition to disregard or suppress discontent instead of discovering the causes and removing them . . . in the complacency of millions over the wrongs and sufferings within and beyond our borders."

This situation, Mr. Hoover went on to say, "challenges all the forces of orderly constructive progress."

President Coolidge and Secretary Hoover have been criticized by those who take the view that while the utterances of a President, or any other official of the government, when they relate to subjects properly within the sphere of government, justly deserve the respectful consideration even of those who disagree with their opinions, religion is not properly within the sphere of their official responsibility, and what they say on that subject should not be taken seriously. Other critics go further and assert that speeches by leaders of the government such as have been made by President Coolidge and Secretary Hoover are perilous, inasmuch as they tend to support the efforts of the leaders of "fundamentalist" groups to change the basic principle of the American nation—the separation of church and state—and to bring their particular religious views under the active protection of the forces of the state. This latter opinion appears rather fantastic, to say the least. It is certain that the President and Mr. Hoover would not have spoken as they did unless the pressure of evidence supporting their contentions had made it a duty for them to speak out their minds on this subject.

This journal finds in the words of the President and Mr. Hoover strong confirmation of its own guiding principle that all the problems of society ultimately stem from moral and spiritual causes. That religion should be separated from the state, so far as the favoring or the establishment of any particular form of religion is concerned, should remain the unalterable foundation stone of this nation; but the further fact that without religion as a binding force no nation or state can long endure in any condition tolerable to free men, should also be clearly recognized.

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WAR CADAVERS

IF THERE is a crack in the cupboard, the skeleton is sure to slip out. The story told with bland humor to New Yorkers by General Charteris, could probably be duplicated from the propaganda annals of any country. If by transferring the word "cadaver" from horses to men one can create a feeling against the Germans among the Chinese, there is certainly every reason for making use of the opportunity. That is, every reason excepting the ancient virtue of honesty. The resentment felt by many Britishers which is culminating in a pretty general call for an enquiry is a healthy sign. It may mean that the love of truth still abides with us, or that some citizens are comparatively naïve.

Perhaps the General's denial—apparently based on the argument that the "context" of a friendly talk should not be reproduced in a newspaper—will be accepted as a satisfactory explanation. But in any case the public is likely to be strengthened in its impression that advertising issued by nations for purposes of war is closely akin to fiction.

Who were the prominent propagandists after 1914? Wells, Parker, Barrès, Hauptmann, Creel—men distinguished above all as masters of make-believe. Possibly they were not very conscious of the fantastic imaginativeness which distinguished many of their official productions. It was a time of flaming emotions and excited brains. Masterpieces of invention appeared quite without any of the pangs of birth—even as they did during the era when religious conflict spurred fanatics to find lurid formulae for the Papacy and the monastic orders. That General Charteris succumbed to the evil genius of his generation is therefore neither astounding nor unforgiveable. The wonder of it all is how easily we, a people comfortable in peace behind the rampart of an ocean, swallowed the literature of the epoch under the impression that it was the history of the epoch.

No answer will be plausible that does not take into account the very special state of mind the late war created, a state of mind that had been raging like a pest in Europe for two years before (carried overseas by propaganda much as the Black Death was brought to Venice in a bale of wool) it broke out among us with a virulence that was all the greater for the brief season it lasted. Seen today in the sober light of reason and probability, the stories of bombs planted at the base of reservoirs, of mysterious lights flashed from seaward, of sectional airplanes brought over in the hulls of submarines, take their proper place as the fabrications they undoubtedly were. Rare, indeed, is the man who airs his belief in them today in intelligent society. But, strangely enough, many of those who now admit their inherent improbability, retain all their old faith in the stories of atrocities in Europe, imported to supplement the scanty home market, and to prepare the public mind for the reversal of policy in February, 1917. They rub their eyes when some accident, such as the genial confidences of General Charteris, lets them into the open secret that efficient warfare of our own day has become an affair quite as much of psychology and morale as of shells and barbed wire, and that to invade the frontiers of neutral judgment in the interests of victory is as much a part of the game as are heavy ordnance and control of the sea.

So far as one knows, there exists no really authoritative and conclusive study of war-psychology among non-combatants and of the work of "intelligence" bureaus in creating it. Foreign offices do not surrender their archives very readily in the interests of scientific study.

Such studies as have been written, notably in Switzerland, have to be content with the legends and rumors engendered naturally, and rather permitted to circulate by the official mind than made up out of the whole cloth and disseminated of malice prépense. To this category, no doubt, belongs the legend of steel filings sown amid forage (the oats had been packed in old nail sacks) the poisoned oranges (which were quite simply oranges gone bad) the maps of France found under the lids of bouillon cans (for whose use?—and as though maps giving each house, bridge and bridle path were not in the possession of every German commissioned officer) the little blue parachutes (containing germs?—and how easy to perceive at a height of 2,000 metres!) let down from airplanes upon Paris, of cement gun emplacements under tennis courts outside London, of the Charteris "cadavers" and the resumed worship of Odin and Thor. To go through the list is to see pass before one's mental vision on the one side, a dreary phantasmagoria of human credulity, and, on the other, an unedifying procession of base means consecrated to good ends, worthy of a generation whose moral prophet is surely the pragmatist.

But if Germany were the chief sufferer from propaganda and legend, Germany, in all fairness it should be admitted, must shoulder most of the responsibility for her own bad odor. The rape of Belgium not only shocked the world's conscience, but actually upheaved its sober judgment for an appreciable time.

The initial effect of a sudden and un-looked for eruption of violence and lawlessness is always consternation. Anger and the will to resist follow. By marching into Luxembourg in the last days of July, 1914, Germany (or shall we say Prussia?) impressed upon the war a unique character it was never to lose. It was to be a war in which the incredible, having already eventuated, was henceforth the credible; in which not only did force meet force, but fraud was engaged to win back, painful inch by painful inch, the initial advantage fraud had gained.

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STATE UNIVERSITIES

II. MORE OLD VISITORS

By ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

(This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Bates, the third of which will appear in the next issue of The Commonweal.—The Editors.)

WE HAVE seen that the Old Visitors, in the great majority of cases, have received no preparation whatsoever for their duties as regents of a university. But perhaps, although they have illicitly skipped twenty years of necessary training for their jobs, they may still in some miraculous manner acquire the needful knowledge after appointment. Or perhaps it may be done without a miracle. They hold office from five to fifteen years, according to the state. In that time, one might think, even a very old visitor might learn something. But do they? People who take positions for which they are unfit rarely improve. As a matter of fact, the Old Visitors, unlike wine, seem to grow worse year by year—for the passage of time merely adds conceit to ignorance. The following almost incredible yet typical ideas and utterances are from no callow fledglings but from eagle-eyed visitors of long experience. The first is an editorial written for the daily paper of which the visitor was editor and part owner—

> The reason Shakespearian actors are scarce now is because they have to make a precarious living on one-night stands in the smaller cities and towns. Except for occasional revivals for a short time by prominent actors or actresses as a novelty, this heavy tragedy stuff went out of vogue in the larger cities a generation ago. People in a normal frame of mind in this country do not want to go to the theatre for recreation and be tortured by the blood-curdling scenes that pleased the coarser sensibilities of Shakespeare's time. Hamlet is a gruesome tragedy with practically everyone dead in the last act whether they deserved it or not—which is not the approved ending for a play in this country. Shakespeare is almost as bad as Ibsen and it takes a morbid or primitive nature to enjoy a play of that kind. Americans in their periods of recreation are desirous of looking on the bright side of life and like to have everybody on the stage happy when the curtain falls on the last act. Shakespeare's plays contain many bright and witty sayings for those who have patience to wade through their mass of dreary dialogue, but as stage performances they are valuable only to illustrate the type of drama that appealed to the ruder civilization of the past.

Another equally erudite old visitor of my acquaintance, after delivering a flowery commencement address, turned to the women of the senior class and said—"I congratulate you in the name of the regents on your now becoming alma maters of your university." And another, the head of a large lumber company, made the following suggestion to his board—"I see that the department of Greek and the department of mathematics each has a small enrolment; why not combine them under one head in the interests of economy?" And yet in his own business, I suspect, he had never considered, even in the interests of economy, the wisdom of having one foreman for both logging camp and planing mill.

Still another one, a lady regent of more than ten years' experience, suggested that all the correspondence papers of the extension division be read by one person instead of by separate readers for different departments, and when objection was made that the separate readers might not know all the subjects involved, she inquired—"Are not the same questions asked year after year, and could not one person manage to learn all the answers?" Evidently experience can do nothing for the Old Visitors.

In these particular instances the quaint and curious ideas of the regents were held in check by the president or representatives of the faculty, but let the president fall ill or the influence of the faculty be weakened in times of public excitement and these funny old visitors suddenly cease to be merely funny and run loose like a pack of famished wolves seeking what and whom they may devour. Space will not permit the long list of such instances which every educator could provide; two will suffice. We have seen how wisely the regents speak. Let us now see how justly they act.

A certain institution once had on the faculty of its art school an inspired idealist, who lived and taught and thought in terms of beauty. This man had been so injudicious as to be an honest member of the state legislature; in this capacity he had thwarted a number of corrupt jobbing undertakings and so made enemies of some rather powerful business interests. Their chance came during the war when this idealist happened to attend, as a private citizen, a meeting of an organization which was seeking to find possible terms for an early peace. For this crime he was brought before the regents to exculpate himself in a room filled with his accusers—representatives from the Chamber of Commerce, Daughters of the American Revolution, Sons of 1812, Grandmothers of the Next War, and what not. The faculty had almost unanimously signed a petition in his behalf; this petition was not even read; no faculty member was asked to be present at a meeting to which every opposing organization was invited to contribute its quota. The result was that the regents accepted the enforced resignation of the professor, at the same time stultify-

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ing themselves by the announcement that they had no doubts of his loyalty and good citizenship.

Yet this professor was treated with unusual fairness in that he at least had the opportunity to hear the charges against him, if not much opportunity to reply to them. Far more typical is the second case.

In a certain institution, the president, notable for having long maintained an unusual spirit of harmony and liberal culture on his campus, at last fell fatally ill. The regents seized the opportunity for a "house-cleaning," in order, as one of them said, "to make the situation easy for the next president," on the theory, apparently, that everyone prefers to move into an empty house. There was in the university a department of drama at whose head stood a man with that touch of genius necessary to raise amateur performances to the level of art. His productions afforded almost the only acquaintance with the theatre for the students in the small town in which the university is located. Among them, during fifteen years, were examples from the works of almost every dramatist of the first rank. But unfortunately the professor was so ill-advised as to include plays from "morbid and gruesome" writers like Shakespeare. The department was summarily abolished, and, rumor has it, the charming little theatre is to be converted into offices and classrooms. There was also in this university a department of English literature, whose head, unquestionably one of the ablest men on the faculty, had strangely found it impossible to discuss the modern drama and novel without going into various social problems of the day. He was summarily demoted with a cut in salary. Another head of a department was demoted, the resignations of two full professors were accepted with unflattering alacrity, a young philosophical instructor of pronounced religious bent but who had been accused by a local pastor of "teaching atheism" was dropped, despite the protests of his head, and two young assistants recommended by their department failed of reappointment for no even guessable reason save that they might have offended a particular student, the daughter of one of the regents. No open charges were made in any case and no opportunities permitted for defense. The action was taken hastily, secretly, and in opposition to the recommendations of the dean. I have by me a letter from the latter in which he says—"It was all done over my head and without my knowledge." At the same time the dean was given only two weeks in which to fill the vacant places, the naïve Old Visitors evidently assuming that candidates would come tumbling in to snatch such secure and desirable positions. That was at the beginning of May; according to the latest information, most of them are still unfilled!

Now, why are the Old Visitors given to such amazing acts? As lawyers they are not accustomed to see a defendant sentenced without trial; as business men they are not accustomed to dismiss trained employees without notice. The truth is that they carry even their business ideals into their activities as regents only in a diluted and haphazard form; they are business men on a holiday. Usually they are only required by the state to meet two or four times a year; in some of the largest universities they meet oftener and occasionally an individual regent will devote considerable time to his duties; but the following statement by an officer of a medium-sized university would probably fit the average—"The time spent in each session is seldom more than four hours, which means that the board of regents spends from twelve to sixteen hours a year considering university policies, personnel, etc." In some institutions the faculty members are required to give semester reports of all their activities by "clock-hours." Sixteen clock-hours a year for the Old Visitors—less time than any instructor gives to a single course—less time than the Old Visitor himself probably gives to golf!

We are now ready to dispose of the one argument ever advanced for the existence of these boards of regents. The modern university, we are told, is necessarily a large business corporation with complex financial interests that demand the careful supervision, not of educators, but of trained business men. Remarkable, if this were so, that these complex interests should be adequately supervised in a few leisure hours by these transient visitors. No, the financial interests are actually, as they must be, supervised by permanent officials who can always be on the job—the president and the fiscal officers of the university. There is nothing the regents are supposed to do that cannot be done better by these officers. Is the income derived in part from investments? These are ordinarily of long standing and can easily be—and usually are—supervised by these officers quite adequately. Is it from some form of taxation? It is not the regents but the president and other members of the faculty who stump the state in support of a proposed tax; nor is it the regents but the state treasurer who collects the tax after it is established. Is it from direct legislative appropriation? It is not the regents but the president and deans who have to hurry and scurry to and from the capital. Is it from gifts? Once more, it is not the regents but the president who does the soliciting. There are, of course, individual exceptions; but as a rule while the income of the university is being collected, the regents are busy about their own business. It is only when the income is to be expended that their wisdom is placed at the service of the university. Theirs is it to decide what portions of the budget are to be spent on buildings and what on salaries; whether the psychological department really needs a new laboratory; whether the library appropriation is not too large and part of it would not better be given to the school of business administration; whether the departments of Greek and mathematics would not better be combined—questions in which the

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regents with their type of mentality may be expected to decide in favor of the material over the spiritual, quantity over quality, whatever has mere advertising value over whatever has real worth. The distribution of the budget is not only, of necessity, an educational rather than a business matter; it is perhaps the most important educational matter in the life of the university. And yet it is finally and without appeal in the hands of men who know nothing about education. That is to say, the only place where the regents function at all, they function badly.

Nor does an examination of the historical development of the board of regents lend any color to the argument that these boards owe their composition to the business needs of our universities. Anyone who cares to look into the subject will find that the modern board is merely the descendant of the old college board, composed mainly of clergymen when the first purpose of the college was to train men for the ministry, and may follow the gradual substitution of business men for clergymen, closely paralleling the rise of the business ideal in the national mind. Our present boards are simply a perverted legacy from the past—a kind of vermiform appendix whose only effect is to create cases of educational appendicitis.

In all of this I believe that I am expressing the views of educators throughout the country. In 1911, Professor Cattell took a partial referendum of educational opinion upon the merits of the suggestion that it would be well for the faculty to appoint both regents and president; out of 299 answers, from men of high educational standing, 185 were unqualifiedly favorable, sixty-eight were conditionally favorable, and only forty-six were negative.

Educators from the Atlantic to the Pacific are almost unanimously agreed as to the evils of the present system. But educators, as should by now be abundantly evident, have little to do with the direction of education in America. It is in the hands of politicians and business men—our friends, the Old Visitors.

FATHER WILLIAM DOYLE, S.J.

By HENRY LONGAN STUART

"ON THE dawn of Thursday, August, 16, 1917, the front line from St. Julien to the Roulers railway south of Frezenberg was held by Irishmen waiting for the word to advance. Every insignificant rise in the undulating Flemish farmlands in front of them was crowned by a German post; there were several strong 'pill-boxes' (concrete blockhouses) and in the middle of the line of attack, a spur (Hill 35) dominated every approach." Not only was the stage set for slaughter but slaughter had been going on during days. For over two weeks the twin Irish divisions that were to make the assault on the seventeenth had been under incessant artillery fire, crouching in wet ditches and shell-holes. It was "an Irish shambles . . . their brigadiers called it murder."

The two phrases are those of Sir Philip Gibbs. It was on the next day, at what was perhaps the crisis of the war's agony, that a German shell, bursting at the mouth of a captured blockhouse whose very location is doubtful, put an end to one of the most saintly lives that has ever been lived on earth. The remains of the slain party were never recovered or identified. There will never be any mortal relics of Father William Doyle, Jesuit, chaplain and brother in devotion of the 16th Division of the British army.

The issue of a third edition of his life* within three years is proof that the appeal of the heroic has not lost its hold on men's imaginations. In the present edition, which is enlarged and revised, due heed is paid, in footnotes and elsewhere, to the occasional strictures, and not all of them outside of the Catholic fold, which were passed on Professor Alfred O'Rahilly's pious tribute when it first appeared. Reading it over afresh, one cannot but be struck by the wisdom of the dead priest's superiors who refused to attenuate, in the slightest, any of the "divine follies" which disturbed the prim worldly mind against whose infiltrations into the religious province his life was a mute protest.

To the present writer, special circumstances are at hand which make any attempt to appraise Father Doyle's mystical life at once a difficulty and a fascination. For the gallant saint was his school-fellow more years ago than it is altogether pleasant to recall. "Willy Doyle" remains in his memory as a rallying cry at football scrimmages and critical moments of inter-divisional cricket matches. He has seen the eyes that gaze out upon us in the fine portraits of Professor O'Rahilly's biography—mirthful, yet somehow mournful, as of one foredoomed—sparkle with adventure, and flash with temper. He still recalls a retaliation that lacked nothing in energy what time, a precocious and cheeky "new boy" with a premature gift for sarcasm, he permitted himself some flippant comment upon a suit of homespun, the product, no doubt, of some Irish peasant loom, whose blues and purples and reds, he still insists, were unique. Fate, and perhaps the precocity just mentioned, willed that he should kneel at the predestined lad's side when the Bread of Life, which his companion was to consecrate and carry next his heart through three years' inferno of war, first entered the breasts of both. As he reads

* *Father William Doyle, S.J., by Professor Alfred O'Rahilly. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $5.00.*

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and as he writes, the regret that invests all memories of school-days and sharpens the tragic sense of the passing of life, is present, poignant and actual as a physical pain.

> "Oh! blithe breeze and rushing seas,
> Tho' ne'er, that earliest season past,
> On your broad main they meet again,
> Together bring them home at last."

In the course of his biography, Professor O'Rahilly pauses more than once to surmise what fate would have overtaken the memory of William Doyle, if a death of spectral splendor had not crowned it and if his holy life had remained, to its close, a record of interior sanctity and mortification of which God alone had the secret and of which even his superiors could only guess the intensity. The world at large is ready enough with lip service to asceticism. It is rather fond of having the Fioretti and the Apologia on its book-shelves and drawing-room tables. But it attaches, if you will notice, one condition to its reverence. The condition—the "string," in colloquial language—is that asceticism shall not issue too far from its ancestral environment nor obtrude its grisly face too far into the present. "We forgive the past," says Hugo, pompously as was his wont, "on one condition. That it shall be content to remain the past." The hair shirt worn beneath the hauberk of chain-mail—well and good. But the hair-shirt beneath the dinner-jacket or khaki tunic—folly and alienation! The scourge laid upon shoulders in some mediaeval cell—rather picturesque in a futile fashion. But the discipline taken before the daily bath, and as much a matter of routine as your own physical exercises—how mad and wild a paradox! Like the princes of old Egypt who had the ancestral mummies wheeled into their banqueting halls to give a grim relish to the feast, the world has no great objection to seeing austerity, decently swathed, of course, in the cerements of the tomb, an occasional guest in its busy life.

But when an accident, such as the death of William Doyle lets it into the secret that austerity, alive and breathing, has been holding familiar converse with it day by day, using its telephones and typewriters and safety-razors, making light of the exorcisms uttered by its science and answering its maxims with a preoccupied smile, the case is different. It cannot but tremble a little then for the validity of its own facile covenant. One fancies that a certain chill passes over it at this evidence that there is, despite all its soothsayers and prophets can tell it, despite the skill of camel drivers in getting their mounts through needle-eyes, no really easy way of being good, far less holy, and that the old precept to crucify the flesh holds all its cogency. This, I fancy, is the real secret of the irritation caused by the publication of Father Doyle's intimate journal, which has broken out in such unexpected comment as that "no sane person would put this book into the hands of a non-Catholic:" or "we think that certain passages might have been omitted," or which leads certain critics to regard its publication as "a breach of confidence difficult to justify."

The outward facts of Father Doyle's life, if we except the tragic accident which brought it to all men's attention, were meagre and conventional. He was born on March 3, 1873, at Dalkey, outside Dublin, the son of an official at the Law Courts, and educated at Ratcliffe College, Leicestershire. We Ratcliffians had our alma mater in a picturesque neo-Gothic building that is one of the masterpieces of the elder Pugin. But its discipline was Draconian and its interior economy (things have changed very much since) Spartan. I am led to wonder whether the constant importance attached throughout the memoir to mortification in such simple matters as butter or sugar did not have its rise in the importance such alleviations to monastic fare assumed in our youthful eyes.

At Clongowes and Belvedere William Doyle pursued the arduous course of Jesuit noviceship and philosophy, and was ordained in 1907. In the following year he became minister at Belvedere, and his priestly life passed in discharging the duties of this office, in missions in England and Ireland, with two pilgrimages to shrines of his devotion on the continent. His request to go on the Congo mission did not meet with the approval of his superiors, but in November, 1915, he became chaplain to the 16th (Irish) Division and the brief remainder of his life was spent in the death-in-life and "enlizement" of the Flanders front—during action always with the advance, and crawling from one shell-hole to another with absolution and comfort for his charges—during periods of comparative peace buried in a filthy dug-out that swarmed with rats and reeked with the odors of mortality. On August 17, outside Ypres, a German shell put an end to the legend of his charmed life. He had made up his mind, if spared, to ask to be sent on a mission to one of the leper colonies.

His interior life, as revealed by his diaries and notes, is the record of an unceasing spiritual combat, and of an intoxication with love for God that almost passes human comprehension. Who the unseen enemies were against whom he strove remains a secret. Of one thing we may be sure. They were not the obvious temptations of world, flesh and devil that assail ordinary men and women. Most of us muddle through life in a succession of rises and falls that never take us beyond the reach of human landmarks. The true nature of sin and of sainthood being, perhaps mercifully, hidden from us, we remain unaware how the conditions of salvation change after each lapse. In our hearts, perhaps, we are not dissatisfied with the dispensation that defers the due reparation to another world, where temptation, at least, shall be no more. Still less are we conscious that the conditions of continuous advance in grace may be very hard, and that

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scarce a step toward perfection may be taken without attendant perils rising round the elect soul that has chosen to scale the peaks. Yet a little imagination should tell us that the spirit of evil sits in the high places as well as in the low—that a time must come, in the course of such an ascent as William Doyle's where man and all the help man can give fall behind and below, where the landmarks are overpassed and the summit still out of reach. It is at this point in progress that a sort of vertigo overtakes the predestined soul, that the body becomes a burden, that austerities and mortifications suggest themselves as the sole remedies that can steady nerves and brain, literally drunken with love, for the daily task.

In Father Doyle's case we have the inestimable privilege of being able to read an intimate journal, penned almost day by day "for one on whom he greatly relied." It is hard to think of anything, even in the lives of the great canonized anchorets, more moving than this record of a soul whose fault was love. The confession seems to be torn from the sufferer word by word by the same thirst for humiliation that has made sinners cry their sins aloud on the public highway.

"During the winter I have done a penance which I shrink from and dread in a way I cannot describe . . . I set my alarum for three o'clock when it is freezing, slip out of the house in my night-shirt and stand up to my neck in the pond, praying for sinners . . . Crossing a lonely field late that evening [in 1911] I came across a forest of old nettles . . . I undressed and walked up and down until my whole body was one big blister . . . Words could never describe the sweet but horrible agony from that moment till far into the next day . . . More than once I knelt by the bed and offered Him my life, as I felt I could not live . . . Several times I have undressed and rolled in furze bushes. The pain of the thousand little pricks is intense for days afterwards. Once or twice I have forced my way through a thorn hedge, which tore and wounded me frightfully—for Jesus's love . . . I tried on Saturday night (or Sunday morning) to scourge myself as I felt Jesus wanted. A couple of times I fell on the altar-steps moaning—for Jesus's love . . . I often press my throbbing heart to the door of the Tabernacle to let Him hear its beats of love; and once, to ease the pains of love, I tried with a penknife to cut the sweet name of Jesus on my breast."

"O my Jesus"—so ends the strange confession. "The pain of that was nothing to the humiliation of making this known."

Indeed, that which, to my mind at least, lends this intimate journal of Father Doyle its unique quality, and sets it aside from all other records of austerity written for our edification, is just this sense of a deep personal humiliation in his self-imposed calvary. It came to him, I think, from the inevitable consciousness that he was, after all, a man of his own time. The saints of earlier days could feel around them the moral support of a whole world whose belief in the efficacy of vicarious suffering was intact—a world, to be quite honest, which inflicted suffering pretty freely. But the loneliness of this modern mystic and flagellant, conscious that he stood apart, not only from the world's common sense, but even from the mistrust of extravagance of every sort which is the keynote of modern religion, must have been extreme. For, as Professor O'Rahilly well remarks—"The severest criticism of these lovers of Christ who lose their heads comes, not from the worldly-wise and indifferent, but from those who are wise in Christ, His sane, well-balance, uninspired and uninspiring believers."

Perhaps it was his keen sense of being, neither above nor below, but quite outside the wisdom of the world, that gives to his letters and diaries such an unexpected note of what might be called saintly frivolity. "I know all the good girls in town by this, and a few of the queer ones too," is his remark during a mission in Dublin. Père Paul Ginhac, whose life he translated from the French, is "not a bad sort of old chap, even though he looks so desperately in need of a square meal." He retails with relish a story of an illiterate reader who told the brethren in the refectory that "Saint Jerome went off to Palestine carrying his missus (mss)." His letters from the front bubble over with high spirits. Perhaps no man has ever laughed so gaily in the face of the King of Terrors, as this mad mystic from Ireland. Of a rat in the trenches whose harem overran his bed night by night—"He seems, like King Solomon, to have a warm corner in his heart for the ladies." And, of a shell that exploded two feet from his door—"Had I been five seconds later, I probably would have been converted into a beautiful specimen of a cabbage strainer, and at last made really hol(e)y."

We search his letters in vain for that catastrophic view of the war which some very unsainted souls have taken. The man who, when a young novice, confessed he would have "followed Napoleon anywhere" had a soldier's heart and took a frank and unshamed pride in the good showing made by his countrymen. The 16th Division are "those brave boys of mine;" "the wild Irish;" "a pack of devils;" God's "own Irish soldiers." He recommends a blaspheming sergeant for the Military Medal, owing that "his language alone deserved it." He who at the very height of his mystical communion with God trembled for his own salvation is confident that the rough lads over whose tousled heads he makes the sign of the Cross in the firing line go straight to Heaven. "Surely God did receive with open arms the brave boy who laid down his life for Him." When a French officer at Wytschaete Ridge remarks that the 16th Division seem to fear "neither man nor devil"—"Why should they?" he retorts. "They had made their peace with God. He had given them his own Sacred Body to eat, and they were going

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out now to face death, as only Irish Catholic lads can do." It is small wonder that he was worshipped by his men, that the mere sight of him could hold up a wavering line, that the hoarse whisper—"God bless you, Father, we're ready now!" was often the Gaelic warrior's prelude to a wild forward charge.

The criticism is not unfrequently heard that Father Doyle's heroic and spectacular end threw a false glamor over his early life, and that without it his spiritual experiences would have taken their proper perspective as the aberrations of a saintly but unbalanced mind. While merely remarking, in passing, that such comment falls strangely outside the category of true Catholic mystic thought, it is impossible not to see in it a certain questioning and mistrust of God's ways with the individual soul that is part of the blight cast upon religious thought by the miasmas of our time. That Father Doyle was conscious of a very special and personal call to suffer is evident in every line of his diary. "Other souls may travel by other roads," he once wrote; "the road of pain is mine." He was a very humble man, who carried the treasure of his exceptional vocation in fear and trembling. Once when a girl declared that she liked Father Doyle "because he is holy," he tells us that "the words cut me like a knife." But the secret of his humility might have remained hidden from men's eyes—a suspicion of spiritual pride might have invested and marred the lesson of his whole life had not God's providence at the end called him to a martyrdom that was shared with others and to an anonymous grave. I, at least, always picture my old school-fellow, Willy Doyle, kneeling on the muddy firing-step in adoration before the Lord and Master whom he might now carry upon his inflamed breast, his face lit up by flares and star-shells, at peace at last amid the upheaval and uproar of a world come to judgment—far more at peace than he had ever been in the prim and ordered world to which his sanctity was extravagance and his 100,000 aspirations lunacy. And I fancy that, with the passing of time, he will not only become a saint whom the faithful may venerate publicly, but a saint who will mean a very great deal to a world from which security and trust in prosaic formulas of virtue seem to be seeping away. The very tributes from men outside his communion which Professor O'Rahilly quotes are significant of what his appeal is likely to be. Perhaps this appeal is to the unbeliever and the "hard case" rather than to those for whom religion is a familiar thing. It is by wounds that grace enters the unregenerate soul, and, till time shall be no more, the two wounds against which hardly any soul is armored are the wounds that the pathetic and the heroic inflict upon its coldness and indifference. The message which the world most urgently needs is the message that Father William Doyle's life and death can teach it. Not that sweetness comes out of the strong, but that out of sweetness strength can issue at need.

CRAM: MASTER BUILDER

By CHARLES D. MAGINNIS

PROBABLY there is no more piquant personality in American art and letters than Ralph Adams Cram. The encounter of his name in five distinct articles of a recent issue of an artistic journal points variously the provocativeness of his philosophy. In an age like ours when art with all its technical efficiency is almost utterly without conviction, the positiveness of his thesis would be impressive enough. But when its terms rise to audacious question of the spiritual claims of our confident civilization, it carries an air of high challenge and prophecy.

It is notoriously the weakness of the artistic philosopher to be merely semi-articulate. He rarely has the faculty of creation. Dr. Cram, more fortunately endowed, has the gift of vindicating his enthusiasms. In superb fashion he has succeeded in translating an ingratiating philosophy into a concrete and convincing beauty. It is this felicitous fusion of intellectual and artistic capacities which has made him so pervasive an influence in our national life and the most interesting figure in American architecture. Nor is it to be overlooked that a certain picturesqueness in his position is derived from the romantic nature of his cause and the passion with which he promotes it. Science provides but limited satisfactions and romance is yet potent with the modern imagination. There is a wistful looking backward always to the days when life, whether so or not, seemed to hold more satisfaction for the spirit. Even the arch-realist of our mechanical order is moved to the passionate possession of an ancient wayside inn hallowed by the tender fancy of a poet. But the mediaeval scene appeals with such a peculiar and irresistible potency as astonishingly to influence our most modern and secular aspects. The great Church of this tradition has never quite turned its back upon it, and its renewed interest in it of late is to be remarked, but there is implication almost of heterodoxy in the fierce enthusiasm with which Evangelicalism has been clothing itself of late in the architectural vestment of Catholic mediaevalism. And is there not amusement as well in the exuberant Gothic rendering of certain of our learned institutions that cultivate a haughty detachment from its implications? It is to be feared that Gothic has become the fashion, which would be rather a pity. Has Dr. Cram been possibly a little too successful?

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Up till a generation ago, the Gothic element, of any critical consequence in our building, was embodied in a few examples inspired by the English revival, and the work mostly of Upjohn and Renwick. It was exotic as yet, with little spark of vitality. "Forms were copied after a fashion," says Dr. Cram, "but principles were ignored. Therefore, the alleged 'Gothic' was an affectation without reality or truth. The false and deadly principles that obtained in church building during the bald eighteenth century persisted obstinately; and, so long as they endured, just so long was good art out of question."

But the advent of Cram was in time to arrest the drift of the churches into the Rennaissance movement. Raising the Gothic standard, he flung himself with burning zeal into the battle for the Gothic cause. A master of crisp and epigrammatic phrase, he has been a vivid figure on the rostrum for a generation, and his prolific pen has kept an avid constituency rarely wanting a new book. One of his earliest volumes, Church Building, is regrettably far less known to the general laity than to architects and church committees. Here he set forth his artistic creed in studiously simple and concrete terms. Provoked by the unsatisfactory standards then prevailing in the architecture of the Episcopal Church, he expressed in caustic vein the operation of that vapid and illiterate sentimentality out of which was fashioned the Gothic art of that day. Of Catholic art he perceived then no glimmer of hope of its development to that respectable estate of which he was later to give generous recognition.

His method of instruction was ingenious. By the expedient of contrasting illustrations, known as the "deadly parallel," he gratified those very reasonable but occasionally embarrassing curiosities which insist on knowing what it is precisely that constitutes good architecture and what bad, and how one may indubitably know the one from the other. Proceeding to a detailed consideration of the principles which should shape the various types of ecclesiastical building, beginning with the simple mission chapel and dealing successively with the interests of the village church, the town church and the cathedral, he illustrated the process with a profusion of fine historical examples. Several illuminating chapters were devoted to sculpture, mural decorations and stained glass, with appreciation of the debased level to which commerce had brought these important interests. It is safe to impute to this publication a very large share in the advancement of American church architecture to its present position. Happily inspired, there issues now, twenty-five years after the first edition, a new Church Building* so expanded as to take account of the measure of this development. A generation is a long time in the dynamic life of such a society as ours and few things in it have been more notable than that a fine art should have so developed in this country as successfully to challenge the critical sanction of Europe.

The distinguished part which religion has played in the general development is reflected in the jubilant temper of these new pages. The Episcopalian accomplishment must have been set down by Dr. Cram with a peculiar and enviable satisfaction. And the Catholic reader who found so little consoling in the earlier work is thrilled by the perception that the art of his own Church has emerged from the doldrums in which for so long it seemed content to remain. The author has this to say of it—

> When we turn to the record of the Roman Catholic Church during the last twenty-five years, it is less with a sense of surprise than of relief. There was something abnormal in the long degradation of Catholic art, for all the Christian art we have was the product of Catholicism and it was monstrous that it should have fallen so low during the nineteenth century, particularly since it had not the excuse of Protestantism, that its genius was, from the beginning, aloof from art and inimical to it. It is doubtful if any art in Christendom has reached a lower depth than that of the Catholic Church during the last hundred years, for to its ugliness and riotous bad taste was added a quality of dullness and barbarity that was enexampled.
>
> Today the tide has changed, and it is possible to say not only that the Roman Catholic Church is returning to good art but that at the present rate, she bids fair to outstrip all others in the race for supremacy. Naturally enough it began in England where Bentley was its architectural protagonist, with wonders like the little Church of the Holy Rood at Watford and Westminster Cathedral. Now, however, I think it may safely be said that it is in the United States that the leadership is to be found, and if the present progress continues there is no limit that may be set to future accomplishment.

Time has wrought no obvious change in the author's philosophy. Despite the ingratiations of other architectural styles with which he had professionally to deal, and of need sympathetically, he has kept the Gothic faith. He would not phrase it, perhaps, in such British terms as when originally he addressed himself to those who found it an agreeableness to accept artistic affinity with the English establishment. Nor does he give quite so much comfort as before to the limited Catholic souls to whom the Gothic aspect is the inevitable badge of artistic respectability. With all its felicities, history reveals that certain national temperaments, of present significance to us, have found no joy in Gothic. The art of America will for long continue to be reminiscent, but it must find its own symbols ultimately. Under the influence of new materials, new methods, new habits of thought, historical aspects inevitably suffer modification and now and then vanish altogether. It is no illusion of Dr. Cram that the Gothic tradition is mysteriously to escape this process. He is quite aware of the archeological nature

**Church Building, by Ralph Adams Cram. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. $7.50.*

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of many of our Gothic enterprises and is complacent over it, perceiving that they set a starting point for the demonstration of a favorite theory that the Gothic was still a vital tradition when political perversities arrested its development in the sixteenth century and that it holds the promise of still lovelier flowering in this gracious soil. It may well be. More likely is it to be if we can cease to make a fetish of the purity of periods. Science of late has given us a new horizon and a new consciousness. The past appears to us in the flat, robbed of its ancient perspective. In this revelation affinities are to be detected in the parallel national currents of mediaeval art which suggest new opportunity.

It is in the resources which may come to the unfettered enterprise of the architect from the full sweep of the tradition that we must find the largest hope for developing the Gothic idea in America.

GOOD NEWS AND BAD

By AGNES REPPLIER

LAST April the editor of that very able paper, the Christian Science Monitor, published in The Independent an article which was widely read and warmly commended, as embodying the principles by which Christian Science seeks to soften the inevitable hardness of life. "Headlining Happiness" was the seductive title of this article, and in it Mr. Abbot set forth with eloquence and enthusiasm the desirability of telling the public such things only as it is wise and well that the public should hear. He said—

> The Monitor's army of correspondents is instructed to avoid reporting crimes, disasters, epidemics, deaths, or trifling gossip. There are qualifications to each clause in these instructions. A crime or a death by which the course of history might be affected would be reported—the assassination of a ruler, for example, or the death of a man whose passing would end some notable service to mankind. A disaster such as the Japanese earthquake would be reported, in the expectation that Monitor readers would eagerly avail themselves of the opportunity to extend charitable aid . . . The Palm Beach fire and the tornado in the middle-west happened the same day. The former was ignored; the latter reported, with especial attention to the nation-wide effort to relieve distress.

There is a great deal to be said in favor of expurgated news, and only one objection to be urged against it—the life so indicated is not the life about us, the world so described is not the world we live in. It is pleasant to dwell with the Monitor upon "every event, material, intellectual and spiritual, which has its bearing upon the ascent of man;" but man is not ascending in a straight line, beautiful and exhilarating to behold. His progress is so impeded that it is a trifle hard at times to know if he is going up or down. He was stumbling along in this fashion when Plutarch unkindly remarked that his falls were more interesting than his climbs. He was making the same irregular advance when Montaigne, observing him, and knowing the weakness of his own heart, saw the candles lighted before Saint Michael and the dragon. Today the ascent is as difficult, the downfall as easy as ever, which is why an unblinking Church preaches penance and atonement for sin.

For, after all, it is the existence of evil, not the recognition of evil, which overcasts life. Just as the existence of a moral law lifts our souls above doubt, so the transgression of a moral law is the acid test by which judgment and justice are made clear to us. A great deal has been said about the atrocious "crime news" published in the American papers; but the atrocity lies in the crime rather than in the news. The little catechism we learned as children told us that there are nine ways of being accessory to sin, and one of these is silence. It may be, and sometimes is, an evasion of duty. Professor William James, a man whose uncompromising candor was ill calculated to soften the harsh outlines of reality, wrote to his more famous brother Henry—

"I cannot bring myself, after the fashion of so many men, to blink evil out of sight, and gloss it over. It's as real as the good, and if it is denied, good must be denied also. Evil should be accepted and hated and resisted while there is breath in our bodies."

A notable instance of crime news that went from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and crossed both oceans, was the Leopold-Loeb murder trial in Chicago, August, 1924. For many weeks it eclipsed matters of more moment, and took up a great deal of space in the newspapers. It could no more have been ignored than could an outbreak of bubonic plague. The press reported this trial with extraordinary circumspection and reserve. If there were details unfit for the public ear, they certainly never reached it. What was told was hideous enough in all conscience to have shocked decadent paganism. That such a crime should have been committed in "God's own country" seemed well-nigh incredible; but since it was committed, since youth could be cruel, and manhood cowardly, and wealth covetous, and knowledge degrading, it was well we should be told these things to our uttermost humiliation. Santayana says that the charms and safety of virtue lie in its being more natural than vice; but that many moralists do their best to deprive it of this advantage. The recoil of the public from vice stripped bare of every palliation, the nation-wide sentiment of distress, proved how natural, and how precious

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in its very naturalness, is virtue to the hearts of men.

That crime news stimulates youth to crime is at least a disputable point. Men are always searching for incidental rather than for fundamental causes, for things remote rather than for things at hand. When I was young, the dime novel, that absurd and dimly printed little book, more ruinous to the eyes than to the mind, was held responsible for much youthful depravity. Then the "movies" came along, the dimes were diverted into the managers' pockets, and the blame for ill-doing transferred to the managers' shoulders. Now the films are in most states so rigidly censored that they present nothing more demoralizing than imbecility, which may not be as harmless as it seems (unless intelligence is a negligible factor in man's well-being) but which has never been construed into an offense.

There were those who held that crime could be banished with the banning of alcohol. It was a safe thing to say as long as the case was hypothetical. Now the nation's energies and income are devoted to the banning of alcohol, and crime is in the ascendant. According to the report of the American Bar Association, 11,000 persons died by violence last year in the United States. Any one of our big cities can furnish a longer list of murders per annum than can the whole of Canada. It is hard, when disturbed by incidents of this order, to fix our shining gaze upon the "ascent of man." It is also misleading. "Things and actions are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be. Why then should we desire to be deceived?"

We have thought it safe to deprive children of religion as an integral part of education, as a protection from the forces of heredity and environment which sponsor the ills of mankind. Bad stock, badly reared, moves with awful precision to jails and poorhouses. It needs no incentive from newspapers or moving pictures. Its life is poisoned at the source, and we withhold the most powerful antidote within our reach because it is necessary to placate all classes of tax-payers. When a girl of seventeen murders her mother because she wants to go to a dance-hall, and a boy of fourteen murders his grandmother because he wants to go to the circus, we feel that something is out of gear in the well adjusted machinery of education. Even the precaution of withholding these items of news from the press is not reformative. It will take more than that to keep other girls and boys from such amazing precocity of crime. And a civilization which cannot lessen the murders of children, or by children, is not yet a model for the imperfect civilizations of the world.

Just as a crime is a crime, so a disaster is a disaster. To report it is a concession to calamity, to ignore it is a concession to pretense. Take for example the Palm Beach fire which the Christian Science Monitor blithely refused to notice. Even the idle rich are in some sort our brothers and our sisters. Any one of us might have had a widowed aunt at The Breakers when it was burned; a gay and dressy aunt it is to be feared, perhaps even a would-be fashionable aunt (else why The Breakers?) yet none the less a human relative, worthy of some regard. If our newspaper chanced to be the Christian Science Monitor we should have liked to be told what became of her and her companions in misfortune.

The American, it has been said, bears lightly the burden of human knowledge and of human pain. He is not looking for trouble at home, and he is not lying awake at night because of trouble elsewhere. He needs coddling less than any man on earth, and he can bear plain speaking better. Even when he knows how many people are murdered every year, and how many people are killed by motors every year, in the length and breadth of the land; even when he knows the loss of property by robbery and fire (five hundred million dollars' worth went up in smoke in 1924) even when he is fully aware of political corruption and the misuse of public funds, he bears up cheerfully and thinks of something else. The engagingly straightforward efforts of Soviet Russia to undermine his cherished democracy are apparent even to his careless eye; but he makes a swift calculation of miles and years, and forbears to cross that bridge until he comes to it.

To waste happy headlines on such a man is an uncalled-for tenderness. To protect him from reports of "crime, disaster and disease" is as superfluous as to protect him from the east wind. Let him worry all he will. Worrying is not his long suit, anyway. He can stand a little more of it to the advantage of his country and to the advantage of his soul.

Clouds

There were no flowers in the sky,
Only a cobalt field
Of glittering July.
Under
My gaze of wonder
You grew
From gathered dew;
Your soil, the fertile breeze,
Your seed, the hum of bees;
Rootless,
Stemless,
Earthless
Blossoms alone and complete.

Now though you disappear
Out of the singing sphere,
There shall be no lament for fleeting beauty,
No sighing breath
For this which is not death.
Rank decay or rot of leaf
Does not mar your passage brief.
Heaven bore you without pain;
Heaven, a garden will remain,
Fragrant and without a stain.

MELVILLE CANE.

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FAGGI'S VIA CRUCIS

By PADRAIC COLUM

INSTEAD of being flat and colored like the Stations of the Cross that we are familiar with, these have surfaces that darken and gleam. They are in bronze. And they are stations—that is to say that they are designed with the idea that we stay before each one of them; each station is distinct as having a new revelation to give.

How seldom those who design Stations of the Cross make this fresh revelation in each one of them. And because they do not their stations are different without being distinct. In Alfeo Faggi's we know that in each station the artist has made a new beginning. In each there is a fresh emotional appeal, a new fountain. We get a fresh revelation as we stay before each of them. The sense of what a Station of the Cross is, is in each of the bronzes that Alfeo Faggi has made for the Church of Saint Thomas in Chicago.

One might say that the Mother who meets her Son bearing the cross, the Mother who stands beside the cross, and the Mother upon whose knees the Crucified is laid, are three different personages. And one might note that the cross seems sometimes to be light and possible to bear, and sometimes to be crushing in its massiveness. The type varies, the cross varies, as the revelation is one of vision, resignation, maternal devotion; as it is of willingness to bear all—of compassion, of heroic suffering.

Alfeo Faggi's work has the characteristics of Christian art; it can be stark, saying straightly the stern thing, and it can be tender. How uncompromisingly the Roman judge and the Roman soldiers are represented! And then how tenderly the Mother and Veronica are done! Pilate in the first station is but the head and shoulders of a man—the lines that make the bust awry. That is the law. And then upright, rigid as the spears they hold, are the two Roman soldiers, their faces having the clear lines of hawks in Egyptian sculptures. This is force. Between them the Saviour stands firmly on forward-placed feet, the lines of his figure free and flowing, commanding in his dignity.

There is tenderness to be found in the fourth and fifth stations. The meeting of the Mother and Son holds a fresh and noble conception. Mary is lily-like, upright and radiant: she meets the eyes of her Son. Her eyes are wide with vision. Whatever suffering may come to her afterwards, she sees and understands all now. In the next station the Saviour seems to walk in a daze; up to his face go the hands of the little, worn, old countrywoman. In her hands is the tenderness of women who have little to give but who give all. There is tenderness, too, in the regard of Simeon, as he holds up the cross with his strong hands while the Saviour slips down into the shadow. If one wanted to state the range of Faggi's art, one would contrast these figures with the vulture-faced, armor-encased Roman soldiers who strip the garments off Christ or who fasten Him upon the cross.

In each station the Mother has a new representation. Where she meets her Son she is slight and virginal; as the Pietà she is massively made, the mother of all humanity, holding across her knees the body that seems to belong to her own body again; she stands at the cross a simple woman, stricken but unbroken. All the figures in these stations are great and constant types of men and women. Alfeo Faggi has taken his figures out of the living world, simplified, intensified, spiritualized them. They remain with us to purify and spiritualize our experience. As we look upon them and pass from one station to another, we realize that these are scenes out of the greatest drama that man has ever thought on. We realize this because Alfeo Faggi has given us, not conventionalized figures, but types of great experiences, and has given them to us in terms of a great Christian art. And in those days when religious art is so unvital Father Shannon of Saint Thomas's is to be greatly praised for having taken into his church sculptures that are so vital and so arresting.

It is five years since I saw in Chicago an exhibition of Alfeo Faggi's work. I thought then that to go into the room where this sculpture was shown, was to make a little retreat from the world. All the figures were touchingly human, but they were human beings who were most themselves when they were rapt in an ecstasy of love, when they made a gesture out of a profound meditation, or, as in the Pietà, when they bent over the dead, conscious less of their affliction than of their power to love through the ages.

The child, the priestess, the saint—at the time these stood for the types that Alfeo Faggi creates. The rare sanctity of the collection was enhanced by the figures of children shown —a toddling, realistic little child, a child kneeling in rapture, and a child with seraphic wisdom on his face whom the sculptor named Saint John. The priestess was in a Mother and Child that for me dominated the exhibition—the woman who rises up as if she and the child in her arms were the only beings in the world, who moves, but who, as it were, moves upward—the priestess of human love. There was nothing unctuous in this figure; she was austere—the mother of the love that is native of the rocks.

I had the very great privilege of seeing in the workshop of the sculptor the embodiment of a like conception. The mother was of heroic size; the child stands by her side and reaches up to her breast; the head is small and the features in low relief; it was a monumental mass quickened by love. In the Pietà, the child had become a man and lies broken in his mother's arms. But she is not conscious of death; the love she knows will still be served when the broken body is at last taken from her.

How saintly the saints in that exhibition were! In my mind I compared the Saint Francis preaching with Rodin's Saint John. Both, I thought, had come out of the desert. But what agitations and resolves the Saint John brought with him! Time and time again he would have to go back to the desert to grow into peace. The Saint Francis had found the beatific peace. He had gone through austerities (how shrunken the body on which the brown habit hung!) but he had not known that he had been through them. Peace—the beatific peace—was his by grace. The arm raised was sharp as the branch of a tree. But it was a human arm and hand, the organ of benediction. It blessed. It blessed all creation. Even then, perhaps, he was preaching to the birds.

Faggi's sculpture then showed us a withdrawal from the world. But not a withdrawal that has to do with defeat. It was a withdrawal that meant a profounder life. The strife that is so evident in the sculpture of today was in this sculpture passed over as folly. But is was not an Oriental renunciation that was there, it was the Christian peace such as is in the unsophisticated art of early Tuscany. Alfeo Faggi has grown beyond even the work of that exhibition: in the Stations of the Cross there is a more intense life, a greater plastic power. And from the first to the fourteenth station the work is sustained as with spiritual force.

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POEMS

The Lovers

Miranda's lover sees himself
  A shield about her tender form;
He sees Miranda as a thing
  Too frail to brave a storm.
Miranda sees herself the stone
  Securely settled at his heart;
Were not his fibres woven there
  His body and soul would fly apart.

I see them both as gentle wraiths
  Blown by the wind—so dry, so light!
Their souls, like fireflies in the dark,
  Are piteously small and bright.
They are the victims of the world;
  They show no terror, no surprise;
But anyone who runs may read
  Disaster in their eyes.

ALINE KILMER.

Ravello

There are places so deliberately old,
That in their age,
As in this garden citadel,
Time sleeps.
Look, how the water in that stone,
Under the stir of that old Merlin tree,
(Each drip a sorcery of dancing rings)
Gives up dark, bearded Corsairs
Out of Crete, and Saracens,
Jeweled and damascened,
From Africa,
While—just one turn of head;
Two paces of green sward;
A precipice—
The blue gulf dyes each minute of the day
A different gold.

BENJAMIN R. C. LOW.

Impatient Trees

Trees grow
Nearer to the sky.
And so
Do you and I.

Nearer every day; so we
Grow toward God, too, eagerly.

But, because we long to grow
Faster, faster, it seems slow,
Our walk to God. Do trees feel so?

Yes, for, hear! They sigh, they sigh
Impatiently as you and I.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

Faggots in a Fire

One was a flute that played quick notes of flame,
Lipped softly, golden-clear.

One streamed with hair,
Combed upward by the chimney-draught,
Blue hair with curling, yellow ends,
Magnificent enough for Bluebeard's taste.

One bloomed with petals
Caught on swaying stems:
And one was hot and black,
Scorched by the beauty of his kin,
(They knew one parent-tree upon the hill)
Resentful of the miracle
Which charred *his* muscle into dust,
And drenched the others
With bright loveliness.

MARTHA BANNING THOMAS.

The Windmill

Four sweeping arms beseech the lowering sky;
No more the busy millers bring their grain
  For it to grind;
The bountied harvests of a day gone by
No longer fill its bins. No more a swain
  Watches the moon behind
Its frame; but lone, with memory-laden sigh,
It mourns, uncomforted by kiss of rain
  Set by the wind.

JAMES E. TOBIN.

Souvenir

In all the crowds I never yet
Have seen the face of sly Pierrette,

But once along a summer lane
I heard her calling in the rain;

I felt her fingers on my face
But of herself there was no trace,

Save where her feet had lightly trod
And left a path of golden rod.

FRANCIS WALSH.

To One Lying Dead

And is this wisdom, this desire to lie,
  With empty hands and unenquiring eyes,
Uncaring of what terrene joys pass by,
  Nor touch your consciousness, nor draw low cries
From your bewildered mouth? I, who have run
  After so many shadows, long to know
If you escape emotion, lying so
Carelessly here, with all your travail done.

HELENE MULLINS.

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COMMUNICATIONS

ORIGINAL CATHOLIC THOUGHT

Wawa, Pa.

TO the Editor:—I have been asked what, exactly, I mean by "original" Catholic thought, a phrase used in a recent contribution to The Commonweal. Since it was evidently not understood, it is desirable, I think, to express my thought in the matter very fully even at the risk of boring those who did understand me.

The periodic retreats according to the rule of Saint Ignatius will serve very well as an illustration of what I mean here by originality.

Saint Ignatius, some four hundred years ago, laid down for the business of developing one's soul powers very modern business rules; a stock-taking, at regular intervals, of what one believes and why, a checking of one's transactions with chartered accountants, and a statement to one's self of profit and loss.

As I say, these rules of Saint Ignatius remain today exactly as they were set up four centuries ago, yet I have never heard any two "chartered accountants" (priests) whether Jesuits whose founder laid down these rules, or secular priests, give twice the same method of handling these rules. No matter how often one goes through this process of stock-taking, there will always be some new angle, some original and striking thought to take home. It is wholly natural that it should be so.

What we believe is that God did in fact have personal relations with man, in the course of which He imparted to him certain basic facts upon which to set up his conduct of life. God did not explain all of these facts. He revealed to mankind that they are facts, without stating why. God did not create men as automata, as Robots, but gave them intelligence to work out for themselves the reason of things and free will to work them out or not, to abide by His revelation or not, as they choose.

Human intelligence is not uniform and monotonous; it varies as the human individual varies.

The field of activity of human intelligence is limited only by disagreement with God. One may speculate indefinitely on God's revealed facts, and their reasons; one cannot disagree with God, or contradict God. The question is only—"Did God reveal certain things to man as facts? Have I received that revelation intact and undistorted?" Here enter faith and Catholic evidence.

Since the field of thought is limited only by those very few things which God has stated to men as facts to be believed and as cornerstones of their conduct in life, it follows that there may be as many original methods of contemplating those facts as there are men in the world capable of thinking.

"Originality" in this sense is fundamentally different from "the right of individual interpretation;" Christ, concurrently with His completion of Divine revelation, set up safeguards against the loss of revelation through human stupidity and wrong use of free will. He left in the world till the end of time an interpretive authority, and with fullest good measure guaranteed that even in the event that individual custodians of His revelation should be unequal or unfaithful to the vast responsibility placed upon them (as being men, and free men, they might be) the truth should never be lost to His faithful.

"The right of individual interpretation" is generally understood as extending to everything in the world or as extending generally to revelation. Our Catholic point of view admits, what for the moment I shall call logical, fundamental restrictions—God has stated a number of basic facts. The authority left in the world by God to settle doubts and guide right thinking defines from time to time what flows logically from those basic facts, declares what is a necessary and inescapable consequence of those facts. I repeat, however, that the absurdity of settling one's self up to disagree with God does not in the slightest degree hamper originality of thought concerning God, His body of revelation, His continuing direction of human thought and action through the human agency He instituted and left among men for their guidance.

I repeat that this is the very antithesis of the original Protestant "right of free individual interpretation" on the one hand, and on the other does not warrant the reproach made to us by many that "Catholic thought is not free." If we believe in the existence of God, the Creator, if we believe that He influences human action directly; if we believe that He has revealed facts necessary for us to know and act upon; if we believe that He instituted a human agency through which to conserve the meaning of those facts and through which to exercise His continuing influence on men, it is not strictly correct to speak of restriction on human thought.

To sum up—it is really no more a restriction to be unable to disagree with God than it is for the most expert and original draughtsman to be unable to draw a square circle. It is not, using words in their right sense and with their true value, a restriction upon the ability of the draughtsman that he cannot do what is impossible and an absolute contradiction.

Words are exceedingly tricky; one can hardly hope to express always what one has in mind in such a manner that it will be rightly understood at once. I hope that I have conveyed accurately what I mean by original Catholic thought: the indefinitely wide play of the human mind in harmony as complete as may be attained outside of the Beatific Vision, upon the things of God.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

FOR A FAIR COMPARISON

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—If my surmise as to the identity of C. Molanphy be correct, she is a graduate of my college. I would much prefer that this were not so as it grieves me that any one from my alma mater should allow any amount of contaminating influence to blind her to what intellect, as well as her own experience, must teach her to be the truth.

I think myself a fair judge of Catholic colleges compared with non-sectarian colleges. Up to the time I received a B.A., I had never attended other than a Catholic school. I am in doubt what influenced me to enter a non-sectarian college for graduate work, but I matriculated for an M.A. at one of the largest non-sectarian universities, and pursued my studies there till I received that degree. The time spent at this university was a period of enlightenment for me in more ways than one. I grew to realize the superiority in scholarship as well as character of the professors who instructed us at our Catholic college—those "middle-aged mediocrities," men and women undoubtedly underpaid, many of whom have declined opportunities of securing chairs in big non-sectarian universities, in a

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true spirit of self-sacrifice. My college professors were more than qualified to teach their subjects, and if the example of their lives meant anything, how much more were they able to lead their pupils to an appreciation of true culture!

After obtaining an M.A., I decided to go on for a Ph.D., and now fully cognizant that the non-sectarian university had no superior advantages to offer, I entered a Catholic university and completed my studies for a doctor's degree. And whatever study I may do in the future, I intend doing in the same Catholic university.

No apology is necessary for the number of Catholic colleges within a small area. It is more to the credit of Catholics that they have so located their colleges that they are accessible to many who can afford to attend as day scholars, but could not bear the added burden of board and lodging. The colleges, because of their number, C. Molanphy's opinion to the contrary, do not suffer in the efficiency of faculty or equipment. Many of the "really good men" are not salaried.

In comparing the graduates of Catholic and non-sectarian colleges, only a comparison applying to those who came to college from homes of the same financial and social standing should be drawn. In such a comparison, the graduates of Catholic colleges more than hold their own. As for Catholic women's colleges—they are very young to show the truest results, but at that, their achievements are matter for pride; though it is, and always will be in those unheralded fields, the home and the convent, where the best fruit shall show.

M. J. Timoney.

DUCHESNE COLLEGE

Omaha, Neb.

To the Editor:—C. Molanphy's letter of September 23 has revealed many thoughts out of many hearts. Will you allow me a small space in your columns to express my own?

C. Molanphy seems to stress three points of which the first is an inquiry as to whether Catholics are doing their best to attain a high standard of education. Those best acquainted with the facts of the situation must surely answer this in the affirmative. A recent event of more than local interest which helps to support the affirmation is the success of the negotiations which ended in the affiliation of our Duchesne College with the well known Creighton University. It is a step forward which affords immense advantages to sisters of various congregations who wish to pursue residential studies in a great university.

C. Molanphy's second point is a lament that Catholic colleges cannot afford the very extensive equipment, scientific and library facilities, etc., offered by highly endowed institutions. It is somewhat odd to find this point stressed at a moment when well know professors of the most highly-equipped secular universities are deploring the lack of satisfactory results in their students, proclaiming that equipment and facilities are not the most essential factors in the production of scholarship.

What, then, are the essential factors? We in Omaha think we can answer that question from experience. Duchesne, the women's college of Creighton University, shares all the equipment, library and scientific facilities, with which that great institution is abundantly furnished, and yet I venture to say that what the faculty appreciate most highly is the extension and invigoration of an atmosphere of lofty ideals, and the union in a common cause of high-minded and scholarly professors endowed with an inborn gift of teaching. It is in this essential point of increasing the influence and qualifications of the teaching body that Catholics seem to me to be rapidly outstripping others.

The third point stressed by C. Molanphy is that elaborate equipment is necessary to attract promising students. This may have weight with many people, especially those attracted by glitter and show, but it is to be questioned whether it really draws the best type of student. A far more efficacious means seems to me that which is practised here—the rejection, namely, of worthless material. The percentage of prospective students utterly incapable of serious mental effort, or the persevering study of any subject whatever, is alarmingly on the increase, and to maintain a high standard it is absolutely necessary to keep such students out of our colleges.

My viewpoint is a more or less local one, of course, but it is shared by many here who are conversant with matter under discussion, and it may, at least, serve to enliven the aspect of conditions which C. Molanphy seems to me to regard with a somewhat too pessimistic eye.

Eleanor Fenelon Burkley.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:—May we, through your columns, express our thanks to the people of New York for their hearty and effective support of the effort to secure an increased appropriation from the city for the New York Public Library?

The favorable action of the Board of Estimate shows that the importance of the public library as part of our educational system is widely appreciated and understood. In getting the needs of the library before the 6,000,000 inhabitants of our city, the newspapers were an indispensable aid, without which the undertaking would have been wellnigh impossible. It is a pleasure to acknowledge our indebtedness to them and to their intelligent presentation of the question.

With the increased facilities that will now be at our disposal it is going to be possible to give more and better service to the public—which will be as great a satisfaction to us as it will be to the users of the library.

Harriet S. Wright.
President, New York Public Library Staff Association.

THE MAN OF RESEARCH

Toronto, Can.

To the Editor:—A correction is always welcome, especially when made with the courtesy displayed by Father Whelan, O.S.A. Yet it places me in an awkward position, for years ago, when in Cork, I corrected publicly somebody who called Mendel, abbé—still a common mistake—declaring that he was an abbot. The result was a visit from a dear friend, now long dead, but then prior of the Augustinians in Cork, who with much elaboration assured me that Mendel was not an abbot but a prelatus. I have always faithfully followed his instructions since. But now I think I had better leave his affix alone, though a spectre rises before me. At this moment in some editor's hands is a review of mine in which again I correct somebody in accordance with the instructions of my old friend. If this appears, and Father Whelan sees it, I hope he will not think me contumacious, but will remember that it was written before I saw his letter.

Bertram C. A. Windle.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Lucky Sam McCarver

SIDNEY HOWARD, the author of They Knew What They Wanted, is undoubtedly one of our most important and promising dramatists. A facile enthusiasm for brutal portraiture might impel you to like his new play. Or if you are sufficiently conscious of the wall of destruction erecting itself between thousands of individuals today, of the terrific sweep of selfish purpose in the world, of the way pride can throttle the least impulses of creative purpose, then you might feel that Sam McCarver and the woman he marries stand as a sardonic comment on the great human impasse. There are moments of swift power in this play, of bitter truth and scathing laughter. But of yearning, of aspiration, of the rumor of creative currents—of that faint though thrilling promise which Lawson wove into his Processional—there is not a trace. Throughout its course there is a freezing of the soul. It ends in polar night.

For this reason it is not real drama at all. It moves on a straight descending line, and not in a swinging cycle. The rather obvious defense that it is true to life seems to fall to pieces before the most obvious fact that it is only true to half of life. It is just what its author calls it in a sub-title—four episodes. But the episodes all have their faces turned one way, whereas life as one experiences it has a face toward the sun as well as the dark face of night. I think Mr. Howard honestly meant to convey rather more than the play states. I think he meant it to be a drama of isolation and loneliness—of the death of the soul in the pursuit of the phantoms of pride. If so, he simply has not succeeded, because this inner hunger and this secret death, to achieve dramatic meaning, must be in some measure conveyed either by outward action or by powerful inference. And I find neither in Sam McCarver.

The first episode shows Sam McCarver as the proprietor of a Broadway night club on New Year's eve. You learn of his early life as mug-washer in a Hoboken saloon. You see the rigid common sense that has already brought him up the material ladder. You catch the restlessness which urges him still higher—the calculating passion which makes him want to marry Carlotta Ashe because she has been born in a world above him but has compromised enough with his own world to bring her within his ambitions. You see him take the risk of a shooting affray on his own shoulders because this act will put Carlotta in his debt.

In the second episode, he has married Carlotta and begun a successful Wall Street career. There is still the possibility of creative love between them, which Sam promptly kills by selling out his respect for Carlotta to entrench his own career. It is at this moment that Carlotta pours out the whole bitterness of her soul in the ironic protest—"Do talk grammar!"

The third episode is in the American colony in Venice. The scene is intended to motivate the disgust which finally makes Sam throw over Carlotta. It is the least skilful part of the whole play, reeking with the atmosphere of perversion and degeneracy. Placing the scene in Venice is in itself a wild excursion which breaks all sense of unity. It would have been more difficult, perhaps, but far more compact and effective to have placed it in New York.

The final episode is in a cheap New York apartment where Carlotta has become the mistress of an oily stock broker. Sam comes to offer her a more honorable support, which she refuses. He then begins to boast of his success, to berate Carlotta, and to tell her how little she has meant to him in his climb. While he is talking, she quietly dies, hidden from his sight in the depths of a big wing-backed chair. For a moment he is stunned when he discovers what has happened. Then he remembers an important business engagement. There is a moment of struggle—and business wins. He takes up his hat and coat and leaves.

You will notice that there was a time when Sam and Carlotta might have redeemed each other. Now, I don't want to insist for an instant that Mr. Howard should have turned this into a story of redemption; but having once chosen to head for deep tragedy, he ought to have carried his theme through. Death only scratches the surface of tragedy. The instinct of drama demands a revealing somewhere of what the inner death in Sam's own soul was to mean to him—if not in present action at least in the rumor of future agony. Only half the story has been told. The second and most important part has not even been indicated. One feels that Mr. Howard's sense of irony and a good curtain has buried his sense of universal drama.

Two more things remain to be said. Within the narrow limits of the play itself, Miss Clare Eames has given us a remarkable exhibition of cerebral acting as Carlotta. I have never seen facial expression convey more astoundingly subtleties of mood and purpose. Nor do I agree with several critics that an actress of more sensual type would have suited the part better. Carlotta is distinctly a mental type whose very remoteness from the simpler emotions alone explains her resort to the degenerate forms of excitement displayed in the third episode. And the Sam McCarver of John Cromwell is more than a match for Miss Eames's creation. His transition from naïve human downrightness to the hollow resonant shell of the last act is one of the most finely graded performances I have ever seen. So much for the acting.

The second point relates to the tiresome theme of blasphemy in the theatre. Mr. Howard knows as well as anyone, and better than his cheap imitators, that the blasphemous use of the name of God or Christ by characters on the stage is totally unnecessary in a really strong play. It is a sign of weakness to have to resort to it—just as italicizing words is a sign of weakness in good prose. One is meant to give realism to characters, the other to give the reality of spoken emphasis to the written word. Neither is necessary to the expert. But above and beyond this, there is a supreme distinction between mere coarse, strong language, between a biblical downrightness in calling things by their own names and the misuse of the name of God for theatrical effect. The former can only offend squeamish taste, can only touch surface conventions; the latter violates what is a deep inner reality to thousands of persons. I should say exactly the same thing if I were an atheist—only that I would then add this polite comparison: a man might show disrespect for his own parents, but he would knock down anyone else who insulted them. Mr. Howard and his fellow realists might remember this in estimating their offense against those who differ with them on the reverence due to the name of God. Only the McCarvers violate the realities of the lives of others because it furthers an immediate alluring purpose!

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Arabesque

THE only importance I can find in this curious hash of poetry, satire, burlesque, delicacy and gross sensuality is the superb and exciting stage-setting of Norman Bel Geddes. The play itself never becomes any one recognizable entity. At times it is like a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta. At times it has a fragrant beauty of the desert; at times, an exotic if none too pleasing truth; and again a blatant and inexcusable sensuality as in scene three of the first part. The total effect is simply a sad and tiresome blur. But the settings are a work of supreme art combined with extraordinary ingenuity. You see here some of the effects, in miniature rumor, contemplated in Mr. Geddes's great Dante project. He attains vistas and a magic of light and movement and mystery that I have never seen approached on any stage, and far transcending the comparatively obvious results he achieved for The Miracle. A real tribute is also due Olive West as the Arab mother in the one character that maintains unity and strength throughout.

Polly

THIS sequel to the Beggar's Opera by John Gay, written about 1729 and first produced in 1777, is quite typical of that class of satire which, under the cloak of disclosing the immoral foibles of the day, never hesitates to make full use of them for popular amusement. I happen to be one of those incorrigibles who can not accept the "unreality thesis"—namely, that if you make loose morals unreal enough on the stage, through exaggeration and sparkling wit, they at once become excellent material for light comedy. In fact, I hold quite the opposite theory that light treatment provokes light thinking, and that light thinking politely opens the door to light acting. There is lots of good tomfoolery in Polly and lots of bad tomfoolery—enough to remind one that in the whole satire of "gallantry," there has been nothing to equal Gilbert's wit. With supreme common sense he treated lightly only light things.

In Selecting Your Plays

Accused—A fine Belasco cast, headed by E. H. Sothern, in an absorbing play of Brieux's.
A Man's Man—A sincere and poignant play, marred by the current blasphemy fad.
Applesauce—Amusing characterization in a comedy of small-town life.
Arms and the Man—Splendidly acted revival of Shaw's pleasantest comedy.
Craig's Wife—Excellent portraiture and acting in a play of awkward construction.
Hamlet—A new and superb interpretation by Walter Hampden in the heroic mood.
Hay Fever—A mildly stimulating comedy of character without plot.
Is Zat So?—The best character comedy of the year, hung on a poor plot.
Outside Looking In—The hobo empire at its best and worst—marred by wholly unnecessary blasphemy.
Stolen Fruit—In which Ann Harding achieves greatness and lifts a good play to distinction.
The Butter and Egg Man—Mostly good comedy spoiled by occasional offensively bad taste.
The Glass Slipper—One beautiful theme and June Walker's fine acting almost hidden by needless trash.
The Green Hat—Mr. Arlen's weak-willed heroine obscured by the glamor of Katherine Cornell's all-too-good acting.
The Pelican—Well acted, well constructed, play on a thin and unpersuasive motive.
The Poor Nut—One good hippodrome scene and little else.
The Vortex—Starts anywhere and ends nowhere, but has good theatrical quality in two scenes.
These Charming People—Cyril Maude and Edna Best tiptoeing on Arlen débris.

BOOKS

The Religion of Yesterday and Tomorrow, by Kirsopp Lake. Boston: Houghton-Mifflin Company. $2.00.

THE title of Professor Lake's little book should have been The Religion of Tomorrow and Yesterday. For in spite of its professedly objective survey of "yesterday's" Catholicism and Protestantism, these are looked at through the spectacles of prophecy. The particular features of "tomorrow's" religion, if such it may be called, are moreover dependent on the general tendencies described in the last chapter under the title, Probable Results of the Clash of Parties.

In discussing these parties of present-day Protestantism, Dr. Lake retains the term "fundamentalist," substitutes "experimentalist" for "modernist" as a description of his own extreme radicalism, and uses "institutionalist" for the moderates "who never really knew what liberalism is." The last named, we are told, "hasten to throw overboard those who are attacked" and "are careful to abstain from any overt act of support to an experimentalist." One feels the scorn of the Bolshevik for the timid compromises of the bourgeois in his struggle with the old régime.

Fundamentalism may prolong its influences for several generations, Dr. Lake fears, and drive the experimentalists from the churches. After its inevitable death, a fresh and creedless religion will arise, and perhaps "a period without churches" when "men and women will consciously and willingly use music, pictures, drama and lectures to stimulate their power of seeing visions." When—and if—the new religious society emerges, it will probably leave philanthropy to specialists, who are apter at allowing "the elimination of the weak to continue, but under conditions that will artificially reduce the pain of the process." One wonders why this is said to be "very difficult." It seems a mere question of abundant chloroform! Psychiatry will also probably not be "administered by ecclesiastical officials." But the religion of the future will have much to say about social conduct. "As far as personal behavior is concerned, it will allow a wider margin of free choice than in the past." Honesty in advertising and in journalism, Dr. Lake informs us, "are the questions of morals which are the issues of life and death for the future," and they are not, unfortunately, "covered by the teaching of Jesus and of historic Christianity." It is, moreover, unlikely that religion will "directly occupy itself with the training of the young." In this field also specialists will concentrate on training the emotions, since "today educated men have no desire to think crookedly"—a naïve remark if ever there was one.

Yet the expression of emphatic views on the ethics of advertising and reporting will not be the sole function of the coming church. It will also be (Dr. Lake is quite certain here) a cultivator of "values"—"the glory of truth, the splendor of beauty, the eternal and unchanging world of immaterial reality"—and it will "afford a centre to which mystics may turn." It is not pleasant to speak harshly of Dr. Lake's fervent closing paragraphs. But when one has marked how one dogmatic assumption after another has been made against the historic faith throughout the book, how vagueness and uncertainty infect its every constructive velleity, one wonders what "immaterial reality" is left unchanged, and one finds that the "values" and the "mysticism" are but shoddy rhetorical trappings for an ancient but most unvenerable spirit, the spirit that dissolveth Jesus.

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For the chapter called Jesus, does dissolve Him to the experimentalists' satisfaction, by the usual methods of extreme left Gospel criticism. A vaguely "great prophet" remains, who never claimed to be Divine, though he did suffer eschatological delusions and held mistaken views on certain moral matters, such as the value of poverty. This pallid residue occupies an undefined place in the temple of the experimentalists' God. God means "the totality of our knowledge" concerning "the reality of the immaterial, and the reality of values," and again, "purpose in the universe." Dr. Lake thinks, but "is not quite sure," that the experimentalist is justified in retaining the expression "God." He is quite sure, however, that petitionary prayer is magic. Communion and aspiration remain valuable forms of prayer, but may only imply "our own penumbra of consciousness of which we normally know so little that we regard it as distinct from ourselves." A note on the Trinity is too astounding not to be quoted. It is as follows—"What I doubt of the doctrine of the Trinity is not that God is one or that He is found hypostatically, but that the hypostases are necessarily and eternally three and only three."

The summary of Catholicism which opens the book is of little interest for Catholics, except as a specimen of how blithely the experimentalist can ignore all theories of Christian origin other than his own, and how utterly incapable he is of anything like an inner understanding of Catholicism, and especially of that master key to Catholic theology, the idea of the supernatural life, restored to mankind by the Incarnation and perpetually poured forth through the Church's prayers and sacraments. It is noteworthy, incidentally, that Dr. Lake should accept the Catholic interpretation of Christ's charge to Peter as the true meaning of the text, though, of course, he rejects its authenticity.

Protestantism is praised for having made a partial escape from the "intellectual tyranny of Catholic theology," and for having placed a renewed emphasis on "the will which sets itself aright—justification by faith." It is acknowledged that this interpretation of the Reformation's great slogan would not have been accepted as adequate by Luther or Calvin. As a matter of fact it is the exact opposite of what their doctrine signified. Dr. Lake enumerates the defects of Protestantism much as a Catholic might. Protestantism "has not supplied the need of a supra-national society; it has not supplied the need of sacraments; and it has not supplied the need of personal care for the spiritually sick." The tendency "to make the congregation the ultimate court of appeal" is also deplored as a recent alarming symptom of Protestantism. Dr. Lake shows considerable admiration for the Catholic Church's avoidance of these defects, but utterly rejects the means by which she has avoided them, and suggests no others. Just how, one wonders, are supra-national organization, sacraments, spiritual direction, and an ecclesia docens to be combined with the individualistic naturalism of the experimentalist?

If the book is to do any good, it will be by showing to Protestants who still retain a measure of faith in historic Christianity that the creation, the fall, and the Redemption stand or fall together, as Dr. Lake so well realizes, and by making clear the lengths to which modernism can go. On almost every page we find admirably exhibited the peculiar cocksureness of negation which characterizes modernism, and the typical vagueness of its affirmations. It is as if reason were a faculty useful only for purposes of destructive criticism. "Christ never claimed to be Divine at all . . ." "We do not need creeds," and so forth. On the positive and constructive side all is vagueness. And what else can we expect when the God of the new religion is indefinite rather than Infinite, so much so that Dr. Lake is "not quite sure" that he ought not to be called something else.

It may seem far-fetched to say that one who has the reputation for keen historical criticism is a sentimentalist rather than an experimentalist. Yet sentimentalism shows itself repeatedly in the book. Why should a man, while accepting the cruel pseudo-science of letting the elimination of the weaker continue, be so anxious to make the process painless, except for sentimental reasons? Why should one who rejects the creeds as statements of belief be so keen to retain them as "an integral part of a beautiful service," unless for sentimentalism of the aesthetic sort? What is the "continuity" of Christianity which Dr. Lake hopes may persist, if the fundamentalists can be defeated? It is "not consistency," it is "neither invariable thought nor identical experience, but men's unbroken consent to live and work together." It is in short the sort of continuity we would have if President Coolidge and his Cabinet should become communists while retaining their present titles. What is Dr. Lake's interest in a "continuity" of this sort, what is his desire to keep the Christian name, if not sentimentalism?

Belief in the theory of the Mass is for Dr. Lake "perversely wrong" in an educated Catholic. We have no desire to retort with an accusation in kind, as far as Dr. Lake's responsibilities go. Let us rather deplore the tragedy of a man with great natural gifts so wedded to sentimental naturalism in his spiritual outlook that he is incapable of definite philosophic thought and hostile to the definiteness of revealed dogma. It is this state of mind which has alike inspired his dreary prophecies and his one-sided schematizing of Christian history. If the former should be fulfilled in the future of Protestantism, that future is indeed dark. The Catholic knows, however, that the religion of the Church's yesterday will live, ever adaptable but ever changeless, through tomorrow and through many tomorrows, even to the consummation of the world.

T. Lawrason Riggs.

Religion and Medicine in the Church, by Edward J. Cowles, M.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. $.75.

THIS little volume purports to be by its subtitle "a report for the joint commission on Christian Healing" of the Protestant Episcopal Church. This joint commission consists of six bishops, six doctors of divinity, and five laymen among whom are three physicians—but surely they assume no responsibility for it. Expressions employed surely do not present the real feelings of prominent Episcopalians. At least we hope not. "The Church is deeply concerned over the fact that she is losing hundreds and thousands of her members every year to Christian Science. She is frightened. Her ministers are panic-stricken, her people are nervous and anxious . . . They seek help in the Church. In the majority of cases they see half the pews empty; formal and perfunctory worship. The preaching amounts to little more than a stirring of the dead dust of dogma."

The report condemns all present-day efforts at any relation between religion and medicine—with one notable exception—as little better than attempts to "coat the Christian Science pill with a little sugar for those who will not swallow it plain and make the Church responsible for it all, turning into the Church and into their own pockets the money that might otherwise find its way into the Christian Science hordes." It is

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affirmed very emphatically that the great body of intellectual people in and out of the Church have come to "know that no such thing exists today as miraculous healing." There is bitter denunciation of the fact that in times of emotional excitement in connection with healing practices collections are taken up and immense sums of money gathered, though most of these men refuse an accounting. A group of physicians who attended the meeting of one of these healers during which "the congregation was carried away on great waves of emotion . . . found that not a single case treated by this healer had been benefited."

According to the report there is only one effort at conciliation between religion and medicine in the Church that is satisfactory. That is "The Body and Soul Medical Clinic" at Saint Mark's, New York City. A physician would be sure to say, however, that if the claims made by the report are to be taken as representing the clinic, it reeks of quackery because of its exaggeration of the results secured. What else can a physician think of such an expression as this—"Great numbers of young men and women suffering from dementia praecox have been saved from the asylum, and the state thereby saved large sums of money." Dementia praecox, so far as physicians know anything about it, is an incurable disease. If a cure for it has been discovered it should be reported to the physicians for critical appreciation and not to the general public, nor to clergymen for whom this report is especially intended.

The book contains an amount of quite uncalled-for abuse of the Catholic Church that is very surprising from supposed representatives of the Episcopalians. The writer, or writers, evidently knew nothing of the history of medicine. All disease is said to have been attributed in the middle-ages to demonic possession. We have an immense number of mediaeval textbooks of medicine and surgery, many of them containing marvelous anticipations of what are supposed to be modern ideas—not a few of them written by papal physicians, close personal friends of the Popes, without ever a mention of anything like possession. There were hospitals in nearly every town of 5,000 inhabitants or more in Europe in the later middle-ages for the treatment of patients in various ways, and not at all for the care of the possessed.

The Church, under whose patronage most of the great universities of modern Europe were founded, is said to have "literally set her face against education and science." Dr. Andrew D. White's book on The Warfare Between Science and Theology is quoted quite as if it had not been completely discredited by the documentary history of science. The Catholic Church in Canada is said to have opposed vaccination when it was really the physicians who took that unfortunate stand. The article on vaccination in the ninth edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica is an anti-vaccination article. It was this propaganda and not at all the teaching of the Church that was at fault. A great Catholic physician, Dr. William Hingston, led the reaction against the opposition to vaccination.

We would like very much to know just how a book of this character came to be published as the duly weighed words of a commission consisting of thoroughly educated representatives of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the report of whose recent general convention was of such absolutely different tenor. There is something that needs explanation. As for relations between medicine and religion, like those of church and state they seem to thrive better in the independence that their separate status and interests demand.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D.

Azucena, by M. de Gracia Concepción. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.

THE Philippines have their first poet in English in Marcelo de Gracia Concepción, just as a few years ago, Japan gave us its poet Yone Noguchi, and India, its Rabindranath Tagore. They are all poets inspired by a beauty that is essentially of the East and is American only in its English expression and in the enterprising spirit of what we may call our vagrant soul.

Marcelo de Gracia Concepción bears a name like a prayer and comes from Santa Maria, Ilocos, where he received his early education before joining the American navy and completing his studies at the University of California. He is yet a young man and is inspired in a delicate way with the lights and shadows of oriental poetry: he has no art worth mentioning unless by art we mean the direct spontaneous outpouring of a sensitive heart, tempered now and then by reflection or softened by his sunset dreaming. He does not seem to be entirely aware of the purposes or effects of formal rhetorical art, even if he may seem to scorn its processes, and yet he manages to produce something that induces us to dream, some impressive panorama which he has woven bit by bit in the colorful threads and secrets of his youth.

Such a poet defeats, in fact, defies analysis: one must read him, feel with him and like or not according to one's fancy. The little poem Sampaquita, here quoted, will give us an opportunity of doing this—

"Sampaquita was her name.
Only a short while did she roam over the
Earth and the world of her birth felt glad
For the soft cadences of her tiny feet.
Sampaquita was her name.
For who could have, in truth, contrived in
Creation, the lyrical exquisiteness of a lily,
Born and fed of the dew when the morning hour
Is young? And such is the metaphor of sweet
Little Sampaquita, who came to us in freshness
As the pearl-drops of summer morn.
But she did not live for us all time,
For the rudeness of the sun, when the day was
High, robbed us of the frailness of beauty
When the day was young.
Alas, you are gone forever!
Celestial being you are now.
Still we search for you over all the earth
And only when the day is young, do we,
In tenderness, embrace you in the
Freshness of the morning hour, decked
With the pearl-drops of summer morn."

THOMAS WALSH.

TITLE PAGE AND INDEX
FOR VOLUME II

The title page and index for Volume II of THE COMMONWEAL are now ready. These will be sent upon request.

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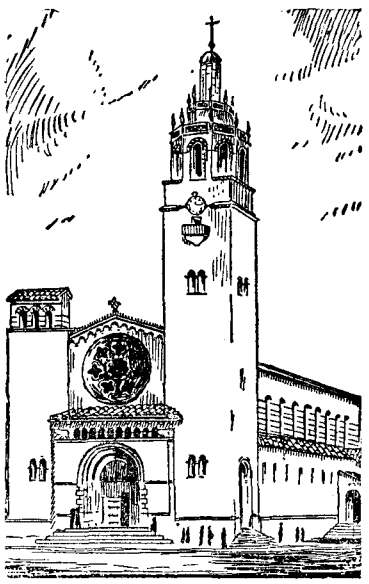

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BRIEFER MENTION

The World of the Incas, by Otfrid von Hanstein, translated by Anna Barwell. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

THE World of the Incas regales us with gorgeous tales of wealth and civilization which are borne out by history, but we are also given so many stories of slavery, treachery, assassination and usurpation among the pre-Spanish inhabitants, of supine slavery and service on the parts of the lower elements, of treachery, dishonesty, irresolution and weakness on the part of their rulers and administrators, that we listen with great amazement and little deference to what amounts to an onslaught upon the Spanish and Catholic conquistadors of South America. The historians of Spain and South America have yielded to the charges of extreme cruelties practised by their founders, and merely point to the fact that in other countries, including North America, the natives did not fare much better at the hands of explorers and settlers—in fact have fallen into an extinction of their race which cannot be alleged, amid all the faults of the Spanish colonists. The work of Herr Otfrid von Hanstein bears all the earmarks of the clear-cut accusative style of radicalism in Germany as well as in France and Italy. We are not surprised, therefore, to find something like an apology for that rascal, Pizarro, because of his unflinching rowdyism and bloodiness, but there is never more than a very patent sneer for the false monks, deceitful monks, unscrupulous monks, pious and most saintly monks (a really naughty blow at the "Romish" Church) with which the volume is permeated.

La Salle, by Louise Seymour Hasbrouck. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.00.

RENÉ ROBERT CAVELLIER, who later took the name of La Salle from a family property, was born at Rouen, France, in 1643. His first education was received from the Jesuits, but he retired from the order before becoming a priest. His brother was a Sulpician priest domiciled at Montreal, and from this order he received a tract of land which in gratitude he called St. Sulpice; and from this place he set forth on his expeditions, culminating with the exploration of the Mississippi River studying the Indian languages, trading in pelts and living the strange barbaric life of the feudal days in Canada. The story of these adventures is one of hardy deeds, brilliantly executed—brave, fantastic exploits carried out with a bravura to inspire a moving-picture artist; but the general tone of the book does not warrant a recommendation to young Catholic readers.

The Catholic World. A distinguished anniversary in October is the celebration of the Catholic World in publishing the first number of its sixty-first year. There are few readers left whose memories can extend back to the great days of Isaac Hecker, Augustine Hewit and Orestes Bronson, when the scepticism and materialism of the European philosophers, infiltrating through English and American literature, were met and conquered in a manner scholarly, masterly and magnificent in our records. The Catholic World with the trend of the times and the culture of our people has followed the development of the more popular interests in belles-lettres, the arts and sciences, ingratiating itself with a wider circle of readers and giving an admirable display of the culture of the Catholic mind. The success it has achieved has been great and highly creditable to its editors and contributors.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"Do you like my new clothes, Doctor?" asked Tittivillus, apprehensively pulling at his new olive-green velveteen jacket.

Doctor Angelicus removed his spectacles deliberately, polished them with his silk handkerchief, and replaced them.

"Now, boy, let me look at you. Stand over there in the light."

Tittivillus shambled self-consciously toward the window, nervously fingering a flowing polka-dot silk tie.

"Hum, why this sudden change from your customary blue serge and neat black cravat?" demanded the Doctor.

"Well, you have hopes of my future as a poet," replied Tittivillus defensively, "and I notice that Byron wore this sort of collar and tie. If I am to be a poet, I must dress like one."

"Hold," said Dr. Angelicus, "I don't think I foresaw that necessity when I encouraged your verse-making. I'm afraid your flowing silk tie will be likely to drop in the inkwell, and your velveteen jacket be too prone to collect the dust. Why not lay these clothes aside in your Hope Chest, their donning to be contingent on the realization of your hope for the publication of your first book of poems?"

"Oh, but Doctor," interrupted Miss Anonymoncule, "don't you think that there is a great deal in the influencing of achievement by the amosphere of clothes and surroundings? We unconsciously react to our environment. If I am dining at the Ritz, I never really desire bread and butter with my dinner. Whereas, if at Childs, I feel that I must have it. Clothes, I believe, are even more important than environment. Let Tittivillus emulate the dress of the great poet. The Byronesque collar may help to infuse him with the Byronesque spirit."

"Heaven forbid," said Angelicus. "Tittivillus has been, up to date, a model youth."

"My mother always says," went on Miss Anonymoncule, "'live up to the clothes you are wearing.' I thought of this admonition at the Hallowe'en dance the other evening. At supper, crackers with paper caps inside of them, were pulled. (I am not using slang, Doctor. It is in the nature of a cracker to be pulled.) One guest found in his cracker a white chef's cap, which he donned. Thereupon, he unconsciously seized a plate of hot rolls and passed it around. I'm sure it was the influence of his cap that impelled him towards the rolls."

"This discussion of clothes reminds me of a contribution to the subject I have just received from Cyril B. Egan," said Dr. Angelicus. "Would you like to hear it?"

"Oh, yes," declared Tittivillus and Miss Anonymoncule in one breath. Whereupon the Doctor read—

"'How are you having your Hamlet these days,' inquired Uncle Fogie of his niece Vogue, 'fried, scrambled, cloaked, hard-boiled, high-hatted, plus-foured, or sack-suited?'

"'Don't be silly,' said Vogue, looking up from her perusal of the latest dramatic notices. 'I see here where a learned professor protests the original Hamlet to have been played, not in the costume of Hamlet's time, but in that of Shakespeare's day. Besides, I am personally all for the movement of the drama in the direction of Jeffersonian simplicity.'

"'Ah, then perhaps 'tis you who are behind the latest project to present Richard the Third in the prosaic pantaloons of democracy?'

"'No, but I have seen a snappy Hamlet produced by Hart,

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THERE is to-day an unmistakable quickening of interest in all aspects of religious belief. It is the one theme that has a vital, universal and unceasing appeal.

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The sum of their ideas is of the utmost interest and value. Even those whose attitude toward certain religious dogmas is critical have a message which should help the seeker after light and truth. *The New York Herald-Tribune, while not associating itself with any of these individual expressions, makes no apology for publishing them in its unbiased columns.*

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Schaffner, and Marx; and I must say I liked the cut of him. Styles change—The Dane of Shakespeare was up to the mode; why shouldn't the Hamlet of today be precisely that—the Hamlet of today?'

"Uncle Fogie gave a vigorous nod. 'I agree with you, thoroughly; but let us have no half-hearted attuning of the drama to the times. Style is as much a mode of language as it is of dress. Why not, then, pep the classic up with a little modern slang, judiciously injected into a brand-new adaptation done over either in polite pollyanna-meter or Sandburgian sockdolagers?'

"'Now don't,' begged Miss Vogue, 'don't be'—

"'I'm not being. It's only common sense that if we are to have Hamlet in plus fours, we shall have to have a language to fit the fours. How can Hamlet say—'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,' if he's wearing a double-breasted Norfolk jacket? However, it ought not to be hard to change the speech. The snappy-suited Dane might begin thus—

> "'''Tis not alone my inky knickerbockers,
> Nor custom-tailored suit of solemn black,
> Nor natty tie and sombre black cravat,
> Nor mourning band around my derby hat . . .'

"'And so on till he comes to the bitterly reproachful end—

> 'But I have that within that passeth show—
> These but the haberdasheries, the cloakings and
> Suitings, the hattings and bootings of woe!'

"'Go on,' softly said Vogue with an un-niecely glance of disdain at the parodist, 'make yourself ridiculous.'

"'Ridiculum ad absurdum, is my point,' continued Uncle Fogie. 'Finally as style (see Newman) is inseparable from thought, ought not the thought of the play also be adapted? Make Hamlet into a kind of Freudian villain; have the king accuse him of an Oedipus complex; prove the complex; and end with Hammie on his way to an English sanitarium for the cure of the neuroses!'

"Miss Vogue pouted. 'Despite your far-fetched objection, my dear uncle, our modern dramatic chefs will continue to cook up the classics in whatever style they please.'

"'Let them cook 'em,' said Fogie cheerfully, 'let 'em scramble 'em, poach 'em, par-boil and hard-fry 'em; let them addle their Hamlets to their art's content. *My* eggs shall be saved for the soft-hurling!'"

"I'm glad Uncle Fogie did not come to our private theatricals," declared Miss Anonymoncule.

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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